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Vol. CLXXIV No. 2273 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC AUG. 14 1943

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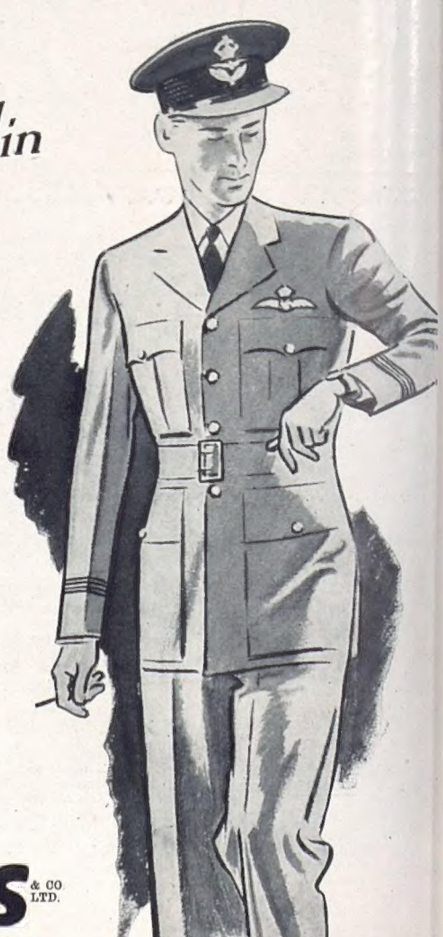

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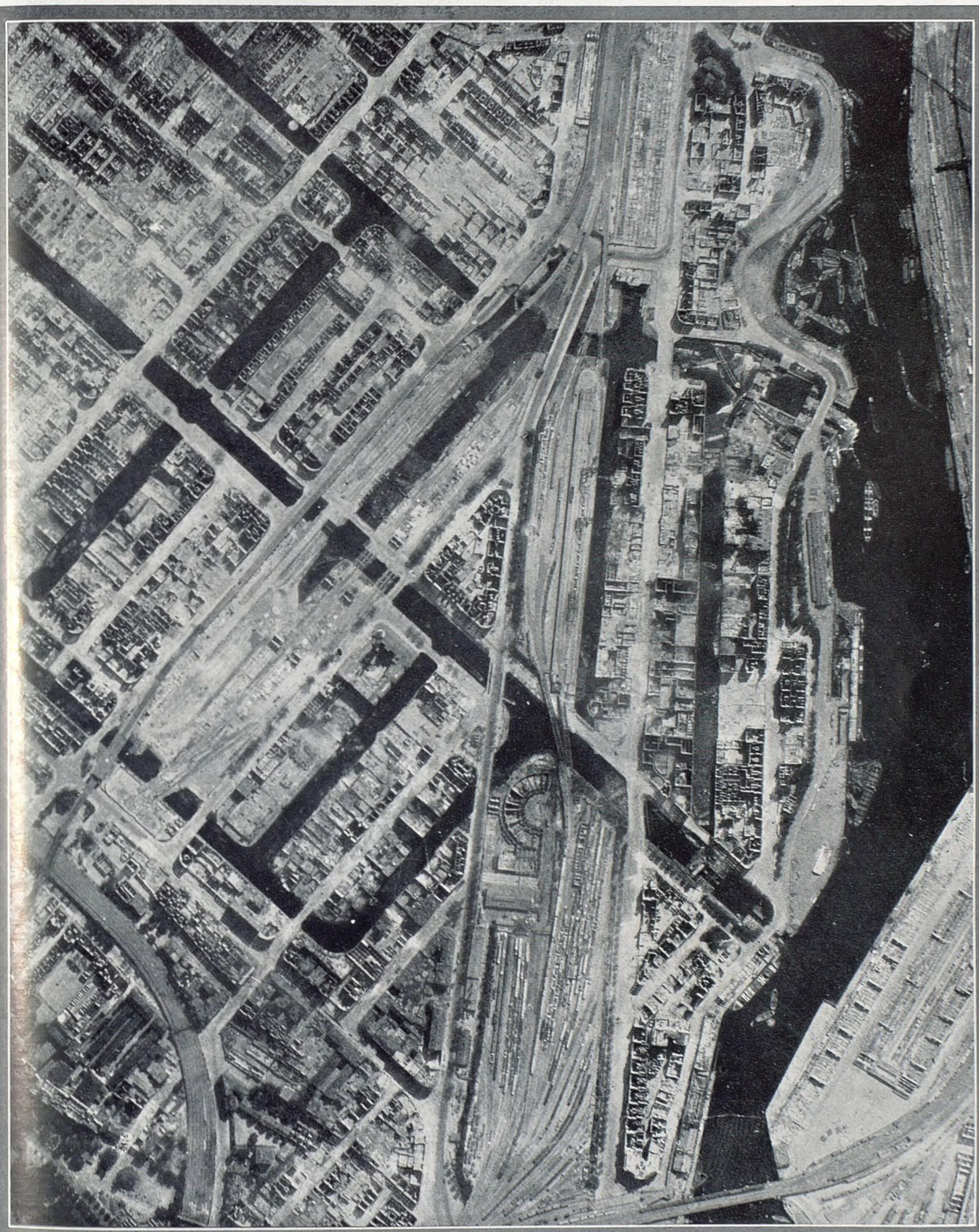
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



GERMANY FOR THE FIRST TIME LEARNS THE MEANING OF TOTAL WAR: THE CITY OF HAMBURG DEVASTATED BY BOMBING SUCH AS HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN EXPERIENCED BY ANY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD. This view (one of many taken by the R.A.F.) shows one of the areas of devastation

When the Germans first unleashed the *Luftwaffe* in Poland, and then over other European countries, they had little inkling of the Nemesis which lay in wait for them! Hamburg is Germany's largest port, its second largest city, and the building centre of nearly one-third of all its U-boats. On the night of July 24-25, 2,300 tons of bombs were dropped by the R.A.F. on industrial targets in the dock area; on the night of July 27-28 a similar tonnage was dropped; and again on the night of July 29-30. On the night of August 2-3 Hamburg was again attacked, adding to the already extensive devastation of seven square miles caused by the earlier R.A.F. night raids and the daylight raids of the American Army Air Force on July 25 and 26. This picture was taken *before* the heavy attack on August 2-3. It shows the scene of desolation in the Marshalling Yards of the St. George district near the dockside. Of Hamburg's fully built-up area of 4,000 acres, 1,700 have been destroyed; of the less densely built-up area of 3,400 acres, 1,900 have also been completely shattered—this estimate excluding the heavy raid of August 2-3! To accomplish this work, Bomber Command, on occasion, sent out some 800 or more aircraft from forty to sixty airfields in Britain and manned by 5,000 fully-trained men: behind these were 100,000 other men to service the aircraft, watch them through each raid, and receive them back at the bases

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 206

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Another Word for Lying.

—While Italy was "stewing," the Allies politely waiting, and the Nazis taking time by the forelock and snatching all they could from the pot, it was instructive and depressing to note the lines of Italian propaganda still closely following the ideal pattern set by Goebbels. That is to say, a perfectly reckless disregard of consistency, though lack of consistency would inevitably be shown up within an hour of every broadcast. One story for the Allies, another for neutrals, a third for Germany, a fourth for the home front. For the Allies, to gain time, a promise that our terms were being carefully considered; for Germany, assurances of continued friendship and co-operation; for Italians, the wicked machinations of the Allies, whose terms spelt doom to Italy and designed the soil of Italy as a battleground of Europe; and so on. I am not here concerned with Badoglio's wriggles, difficulties, or policy, if any. I am concerned with that horrible word and hideous weapon, "propaganda," and what it has come to mean during these last two bestial decades. It has come to mean political chicanery, open and unabashed. It means lying on a big scale, lying clumsily and childishly if such lying can gain a counter or a minute of valuable time. It has come to mean to decent people that half the pronouncements broadcast by more than half the Governments of Europe and the world bear no reference at all to truth and are to be read with tongue in cheek and to be construed not as revealing a Government's intentions but (at the best) that Government's hesitancy, or contrary intention. If some of the Allies in the course of the war, and before, have used propaganda with more respect and with some show of conscience and sincerity, those efforts have not succeeded in redeeming its fame.

Diplomacy is Force.

—You can wrap it up in velvet or put the dose in jam, but always diplomacy is based on force. Without the power to implement your polite requests by force, if your spoonful of jam (with its bitter contents) is not punctually swallowed, you waste your time and lose face by offering the spoon. In war always—in this war in particular—this generalisation concerning diplomacy is naked truth. It is just bullying, disguised or bald. No one likes to be bullied. Almost everyone cries at first that he will not yield to threats. But if the threats can easily be implemented, he yields . . . just as soon as he accepts his impotence to resist them. So it was in the first days of August with Italy and Badoglio. The Allies bullied him. Some of his own nation bullied him. The Germans bullied him. It was just a question of "nice accountancy" to decide whose threats would strike shrewdest and quickest. Meanwhile, he put out the time-honoured *cri du cœur*: "I will not yield to threats." In the past I have often expressed a belief that threats to a virile nation do indeed stimulate resistance rather than soften the approach to submission. The *locus classicus* of this war was Britain in the summer of 1940. There have been times when we doubted whether the bombing of the Rühr, and threats of such bombing, were not affording another instance of reactions contrary to those expected. But all nations are not equally virile or obstinate, and Time and events often revise our sweeping judgments and preconceived opinions. Of the Allies' diplomatic campaign which followed Mussolini's fall there were critics soon enough; charges of muddled thinking, of threats and flattery which made a pattern of inconsistency and produced anger and suspicion where fear and gratification were anticipated. But I daresay the critics (as so often they are) were heady and ignorant. I expect that our Leaders know what they are about and formed their policy on more known facts than ever come our way.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF BOMBER COMMAND, under whose orders Germany has received the heaviest battering she has ever suffered in war. Even at home, Air Chief Marshal Arthur Harris knows no rest. When he reaches there, he picks up the telephone and is in direct touch with the Operations Room again: when he isn't talking to them, he will be speaking to a member of the Air Council, to General Eaker, of the American Army Air Force, or to the Commander of a Bomber Group 200 miles away

Political Headaches.

—It requires no sleuth of the political arcana "inside Europe" to tell us over the air that there are to-day many puppet-dictators, quislings and other Axis agents in the governments of Europe suffering from headache political. The cross-roads are congested with travellers studying maps and signposts from all angles. Boris, that nasty piece of goods, is there seeking a bolt-hole, and Antonescu, and the Hungarian leader who used Musso as his bolster. Hitler is there, with a bamboozled Ribbentrop, not for once demanding all the limelight. And the pale shadow of Laval with Pétain tottering on his arm, and certain neutral dictators, are wetting their fingers in the wind and studying the stars, and wishing they had been less forceful in expressing opinions or had sat more firmly on the fence. And from further afield other pale shadows are flocking to the same cross-roads, from Norway, Denmark, Holland and Belgium, seeking direction and a formula that may save their skins, and not anxious to meet the mad eyes of the surviving master of their fate. Time was when they all turned in beautiful unison when father said "Turn," but now the bed is tumbled and a haunt of nightmare and all at sixes and sevens. For father no longer knows which way himself to turn. Well, they made their bed and must lie on it.

"Publicity."

—The history of publicity would make an interesting study. Its application as a reward of good service in the field in this war can be clearly traced from very small beginnings. I can remember a time when the fighting services were presumed to shun publicity. I remember the horror expressed at the beginning of this war by General Dawnay when the first officer was "seduced" to the microphone to retail to the public his heroic deeds. As soon as it was recognised that *this* Great War was a "people's" war, it was accepted that the "people" must be kept constantly informed by running commentary and authentic "noises" and personal descriptions by fighting men of how the machine works. And soon after, the novel theory gained acceptance that "publicity" was a tangible reward of good service in the field. The standards of Hollywood (as laid down for grades of film stars) were applied to the fighting men of the nations, and governments were sometimes concerned to break off their serious pre-occupations to attend to, and adjust, a complaint that *this* army, or *that* unit or general, had "received too little publicity." No doubt there is to-day a close connection between greatness and publicity. It was not always so. It was sometimes left to posterity and the historians to settle all claims to greatness, and many a Cromwell or a Milton was mute and, contemporaneously, inglorious. But nowadays what is true of greatness is true of publicity. Some are born to it, some achieve it, and a very few have it thrust upon them. But, however that may be, publicity (like a D.S.O. or M.C.) is now recognised as an "immediate reward" for service in the field.

General Montgomery's Confidence.

—It is customary for generals in the field to speak with great confidence to their troops on the eve of a battle, even when the issue of it is very uncertain. It is so necessary and so customary that even enemy propaganda does not usually select for jeers such confident promises by generals in the field as go astray in the chances of war. Montgomery's confidence is a thing apart. The public, which sets much store by publicity, has come to believe that Montgomery's confidence springs from second sight. When Montgomery cries "hit it for six," the cricket crowd turns its eyes from the pitch to the terrain beyond the ropes or even to St. John's Wood Road. Stimulated by Badoglio's foolish jeer that the Allies were not strong enough even to sweep away German opposition in the north-east tip of Sicily, Montgomery on August 1 gave the word with his usual confidence for a hit over the ropes. Without asking how or when, we switched our eyes from Sicily to the possible landing grounds of the Nazi cricket ball, about to be carted. Sure enough, and soon enough, our ears caught the sound of a shrewd crack—the combined punch of a Babe Ruth and a Jessop when bat meets ball—and something began to move through the air. It was certainly the ball, dented and lop-sided by a shrewd swipe. If it fell short that time of the St. John's Wood Road, it kept the tape-machine busy and the Bank Holiday crowd sweet. There is a feeling in the air that the long handle is the present policy of Allied batsmen from No. 1 to No. 11, and that more big hits, and bigger hits, will follow. As the Premier reminded us, General Alexander, who seldom talks, is personally conducting this battle of Sicily under General Eisenhower's supreme command.

A Great Day.

—On August 6 I woke up and found myself slipping out of Perth Station, with a fiery sunrise reddening the walls of Scone Palace—as during five hungry years I have often dreamed of awakening. This time it was no dream, and a little later I found myself sumptuously breakfasting on a L.M.S. dining-car at the approaches to Kingussie, for the first time for half a decade. That alone made the day notable. A glance at the headlines of a newspaper made it more notable still. Catania, Orel, Byelgorod, Munda—all (it seemed) stowed in the bag within twelve hours. Who could have dreamed of such news, let alone of such a glut, only three months ago? Accepting the glut as coincidence of a rare and very wonderful kind, the fact remains that the Axis on that day took a series of punches which must have jolted Berlin and Tokyo to the core and given to Rome perhaps that little extra dose of the medicine needed to move Badoglio. Berlin and Rome. Both waiting for the blow from the air to fall on them again; Berlin expecting to enjoy the same notoriety and treatment as Hamburg, Rome wondering where it will fall and whether with or without the "customary notice." These anticipations have a lowering effect on morale. The fall of Catania, Orel, Byelgorod and Munda within twelve hours must have had the effect of a smash to the jaw. The most optimistic Nazi in Berlin must have seen the writing on the wall clear at last. Orel's "strategic abandonment" may shorten the German line in Russia. It can hardly shorten the odds against Hitler and his diminished Axis.

THE OLD STAGER

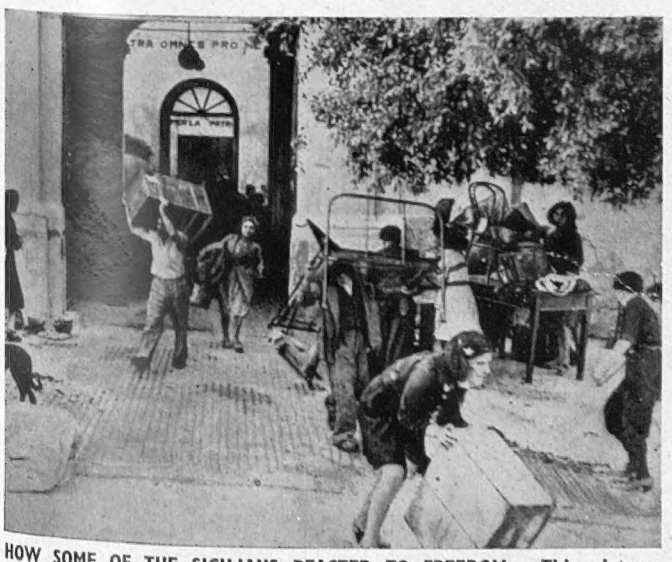
THE FALL of PALERMO and AGIRA

AMERICANS WITH WHITE FLAGS OF PEACE ENTER THE ROYAL PALACE AT PALERMO. Marked with the giant star-within-a-circle emblem of the U.S. Army, this camouflaged car brought Major-General Keyes to the Royal Palace to discuss terms for surrender with the defeated Italians. The American doughboys carry white flags on sticks as a symbol of their intention to stop the fighting and bring peace to the conquered city

THE SURRENDER OF THE SICILIAN CAPITAL. The Italian General Molinari (on left), who was in command at Palermo, at his meeting with the U.S. General Keyes to discuss the surrender terms after the Americans had captured the city. The Italian General looked worried as he talked with his tough-looking conqueror

AFTER THE CAPTURE OF AGIRA BY THE CANADIANS: When this picture was taken in the Sicilian hill-town, Canadian soldiers were patrolling the once-more peaceful streets of the town looking for enemy stragglers to round up

GERMAN PRISONERS AT AGIRA LINED UP on the outskirts of the hill-town before being marched away into captivity. Agira is a small Italian town which stands on a mountain peak and has a strong natural defensive position. It was the scene of the most vicious fighting in which the Canadians had participated since the start of the Sicilian campaign. Supported all the way by tanks and artillery, infantry of the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada penetrated to the outskirts of the town on the night preceding its capture: on the next day the Edmonton Regiment and Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry hammered their way in against bitter German resistance. Several times during the course of the street fighting Agira changed hands before units of the 29th German Motorised Division finally retreated in confusion. The action was described as "a shining victory" for the Westerners, reminiscent of the 1914-18 triumphs of the P.P.C.L.I. and Edmontons



HOW SOME OF THE SICILIANS REACTED TO FREEDOM. This picture was taken in Agrigento after its capture by the Allies: it shows residents of the town looting the Headquarters of the Italian Infantry Division after its abandonment by the Axis. This disorderly behaviour was ultimately checked by the Allied occupiers

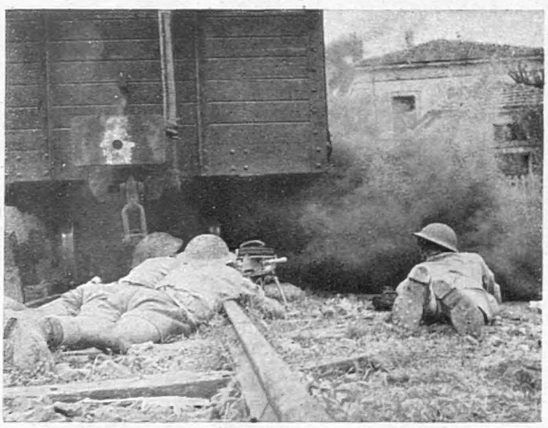
THE WRITING ON THE WALL AT THE VILLAGE OF VILLA ROSA. When the Allied forces drove into this village they were confronted with the sight of scores of "Duces" painted in huge letters on the walls of the houses. This used to be a common sight throughout Sicily during the Mussolini regime, but to-day the inhabitants are emphatic in their hatred of that regime and full of admiration for the Allied soldiers

The RAPID CONQUEST of the ISLAND of SICILY

The latest pictures from the Fighting Front where the British, Canadians and Americans are pressing on to the Final Victory

1. MEN OF THE EIGHTH ARMY STORM A SICILIAN RAILWAY STRONGPOINT: Making a bayonet charge up the line

2. The seasoned desert fighters hurl themselves forward to the assault of the concealed Axis defenders



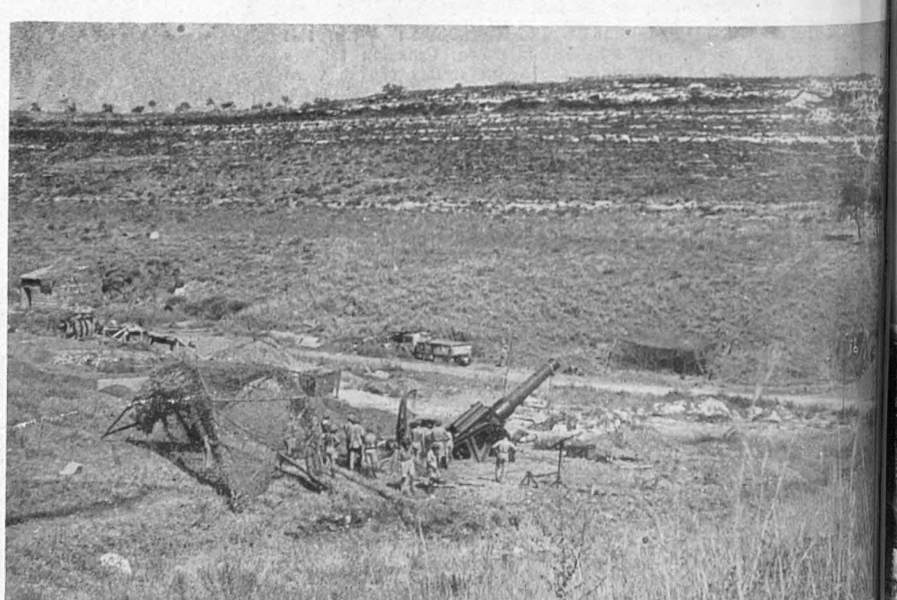
3. Infantrymen concealed behind a truck use a machine-gun to force the Germans out of their hiding place

4. Having reached the final objective, the infantry carry out mopping-up operations in the station buildings

During the fierce fighting which culminated in the capture of Catania men of the Eighth Army stormed a Sicilian railway station which had been used as a strongpoint by the retreating enemy forces. The Allied soldiers advanced from a disused railway cutting, taking advantage of the cover offered by a water tower and railway trucks. After prolonged resistance, infantry fire silenced the enemy and the railway station was rushed and taken. The action was an example of the manner in which the seasoned desert fighters are adapting themselves to the new battle technique necessary on their new terrain

THE CANADIAN GUNS POUND THE GERMAN STRONGPOINTS AROUND MOUNT ETNA. The success of the Canadian troops in Sicily has been due to the accuracy and efficiency of Canadian gunners, who have covered their advancing infantry with formidable fire-power. Here, gunners of a Western Canada field battery, working from a good stock of shells near by, are seen pounding the German positions near Nissoria. The Canadians have been in the thick of the most desperate fighting on the island, and have acquitted themselves in a manner which was always expected

HELPING IN THE CAPTURE OF CATANIA: 4·5 guns pounding enemy positions on the southern outskirts of the town, which fell to the Eighth Army on August 5. With this strongpoint captured, the Allies went on for the final struggle around Etna and Messina

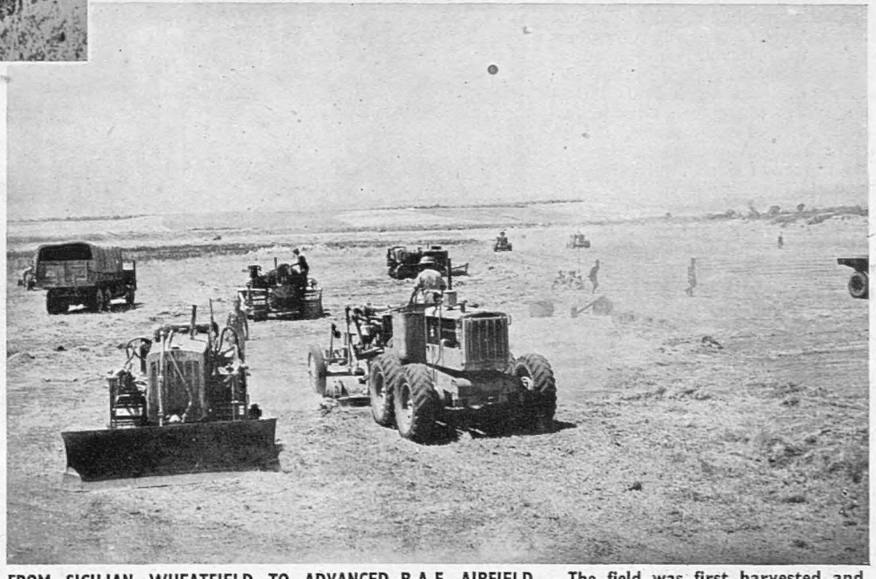


BRITISH GUNNERS TURN THE ENEMY'S GUNS ON THE TOWN OF CATANIA. In the recent fighting in the region of the Primesole Bridge, south of Catania, British troops captured a large Italian coastal defence position. A field regiment of the Royal Artillery were given the job of turning the long Gun-Hows on to the enemy. These weapons are of 12-in. calibre: they were manufactured by Vickers-Armstrong in 1918. They throw a shell 610 lb. in weight for a distance of over 20 miles, and proved of considerable value in the bombardment of Catania

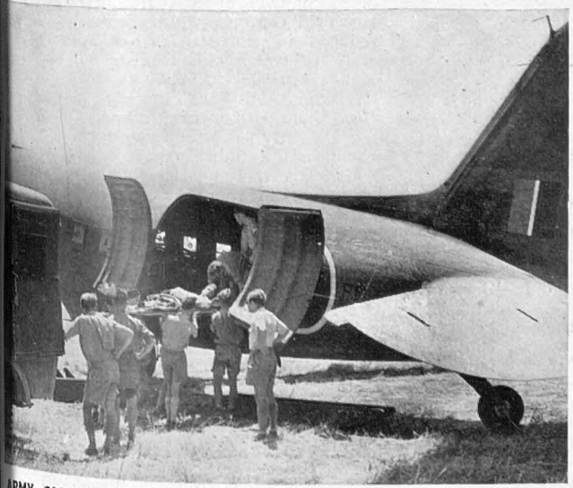
CANADIAN TANKS PROVIDE THEIR OWN SMOKE SCREEN. Throwing up a thick screen of choking dust, the tanks of a Canadian armoured regiment roll on over the hot, dry, twisting roads of the mountainous Sicilian interior. War correspondents have reported that, so thick was the dust, the tank crews had to wear their eye goggles continuously and took to covering their mouths with wetted handkerchiefs

THE CAPTURED BASE OF AUGUSTA : White and coloured pioneers unloading crates of machinery. As soon as it was captured, the Italian seaplane base of Augusta was put to immediate use by the Allies. Though unsuitable for heavy shipping, vast quantities of supplies were unloaded from landing craft, thus relieving the port of Syracuse of much pressure. From Augusta supplies were loaded direct on to trucks and dispatched without delay to the front line. The Italians abandoned many seaplanes at this port

DURING THE CANADIAN ATTACK ON ENNA : A Lieutenant-Colonel commanding a Canadian artillery regiment, with his Major, directs the fire of the guns from a field radio post in the forward area. This picture was taken during the artillery barrage which preceded the infantry attack by Canadians on German-held Enna in the north-east of Sicily



FROM SICILIAN WHEATFIELD TO ADVANCED R.A.F. AIRFIELD. The field was first harvested and then transformed in record time into an advanced landing ground for British Spitfires. This picture was taken as the field was cleared of its stubble and as levelling work was in progress : shortly afterwards the aircraft were supporting operations against the enemy



ARMY CASUALTIES IN SICILY being taken aboard Douglas transport aircraft to be flown by the R.A.F. to a hospital at the Base. By this means the Allied wounded receive the promptest and most satisfactory medical attention

A WARM GREETING FOR THE BRITISH TROOPS IN MILITELLO. When they entered this little Sicilian town they found themselves the centre of cheering crowds who welcomed them as liberators rather than as military conquerors

THE GERMANS FEAR FOR THEIR BALTIC FLANK

After the Elimination of Hamburg by Bombing, it is Now Thought that Invasion will Come by Way of Denmark! By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHILE all our attention was directed south of the Alps it was left to the Germans to indicate their anxiety for quite another quarter.

Germany must be the mother and father of all rumour at the moment, and, naturally enough, the destruction of Hamburg contributed its quota. That this incredible visitation would prove to be the prelude to invasion became, in particular, such a chain-whisper as to cause the floundering Goebbels Bureau to intervene with the customary syrup.

An outflanking of the Reich between the Friesian Isles and the Baltic was quite impossible, Germans were told; and, anyway, every necessary precaution had been more than taken.

The main argument employed to nerve panic-stricken citizens of once-free Hansa towns was the obvious one of distance and fighter cover. Time and again the British and Americans had admitted that they could not invade without this cover, which was limited to seventy or eighty miles from shore airfields, and the nearest landfall in Sleswig or Denmark was almost 300 miles from England.

But was the Goebbels Factory as sure as it pretended, when it put out this calmative? It is hard to believe so if we grant that its hundreds of analysers and compilers have lost none of their German aptitude for collecting all data and ponderously studying it. If the same old Teutons, they could hardly fail to report changes on this northern side of the "Fortress," too.

Goebbels was but a lad at Rheydt at the time, yet he certainly remembers how the 1918 Revolution started at Hamburg and Kiel. It is in the way of things that such upheavals should start at ports whose men have known the outside world and discussed it with their families. A generation ago the hungry women of Hamburg first got out of hand, to be followed swiftly by the sailors of Kiel, who didn't see the point in going down in coffins in an already lost cause. To-day the women of Hamburg are scattered in the countryside, hungry and homeless, too, and Doenitz is having to address loyalty pep-talks to crews who have lost and know it.

The Swedes are sound witnesses, and they report the Navy Yard at Kiel watched by S.S. troops, and abundant leaflets reading: "The U-boat war has been lost. Don't sail in floating coffins. Let 's end the war. Down with Hitler!" In fact, not unlike Milan.

Then there is the stoppage of Hamburg as an immense communications centre. The main line to Denmark is destroyed and Jutland is isolated. The line will be repaired, but only to be destroyed again, and it is clear that the Allied bombing weight can be switched to other arteries vitally necessary to the Germans for the rushing of reserves to menaced sections of the Friesian and Danish coasts.

The main German towns in this region—Kiel, Cuxhaven, Wilhelmshaven—are already varyingly wrecked as part of the anti-U-boat war. They could be put completely out of action for a given spell. As for ports in the Baltic whence help might be sent to the Germans in Denmark, Lübeck, Warnemunde and Rostock are at the mercy of American precision attack.

Air-sown mines constitute another problem for the Germans. "Mines were laid in enemy waters." How often is that just a sentence in the Nine O'clock News. Here, before Baltic ports, one visualises much of that hazardous work being done, possibly in harmony with Russian desires. And it so happens that in few other latitudes can aerial mine-laying be made so remunerative as in front of German ports on the Baltic. Between these and the sea are shallow haffs or lakes, and the inlets are very few and artificial and they have to be stuck to.

Goebbels's research clerks could give their chief at any moment comprehensive details of the plan by which that startling old fellow, Fisher, wanted to break into the Baltic in 1915, and link up with the Russians as yet holding their own. But such a report would make poor material for Goebbels. He could hardly believe himself did he turn to his Germans and tell them the English had long ago had this idea of breaking into the Baltic, but that their own Government had turned it flatly down. In Fisher's day where were the means of obliterating whole towns, ports and communications, or of bottling up shipping by mines dropped from the air?

There are other things Goebbels would find difficulty in putting truthfully to Germans worried about northern flank invasion. Did he by a super-miracle "come clean," he would be obliged to admit that the Allies would go to great sacrifices in order to set foot directly on German soil, as distinct from approaching the Reich through occupied countries. He 'd have to say: "Yes, they 'd love to come here if they possibly could, straight to the Friesian coast, or with the slightest brushing of Denmark. It would be their shortest way overland to Berlin, and they would be sparing the occupied countries which we hope to use as a glacis for protecting the Reich.

And if the Germans were further told that the main barrier against such an invasion was their contracting, sick *Luftwaffe*, and that once this is no longer up to the demands made upon it, coastal defences and tactical reserves will not alone avail, they would be getting some more truth if it did add to their fears for the Baltic.

Other changing factors cannot be kept from them, such as the hardening Swedish attitude. Now that the Swedes propose to ban German troop transit across their territory, scores of German ships at present used for other purposes, such as munitions, will have to be earmarked for carrying troops to and from Norway, and much of this traffic will have to risk attack by British and Soviet submarines and coastal aircraft whilst making the journey.

Or there is the bearing of the Danes, who, surprisingly, were able to refuse entry at the frontier to German refugees from Hamburg. The Danes—an estimated 98 per cent. of them—are on tiptoe to help or receive the Allies. What is more, their chief newspaper, the *Berlingster Tidende*, can print as follows: "Denmark is a door opening on the most vulnerable strip of Europe, the German Baltic Coast. In view of its geographical position, Denmark has perhaps more importance than anywhere in Northern Europe. Possession of its is imperative for an attack from the north on Central Europe. We know that very complete preparations are being made for invasion of the Continent. Many ways are possible. One way is from the Mediterranean; a second across the Channel; a third passes through Denmark."

One is reminded of Peter Stanford, aged fifteen. Peter was at High School when, eighteen months ago, he discussed the possibilities of invasion through Denmark, in the U.S.A. Naval Institute Proceedings, a semi-official publication designed primarily for naval officers. Wrote Peter:

"Denmark offers an ideal place for invasion because it is low and flat. Air superiority could be achieved by concentration. Long-ranged bombers should be able to blast the German lines until airfields are secured. Aircraft-carriers could bring up short-range fighter planes, spare parts and equipment. Concentrations of fighter planes could guard the British Fleet as it bombarded shore positions. Tanks and armoured cars, brought by invasion barges, could cut across the base of the peninsula, isolating German forces in Upper Denmark and preventing attacks from Germany proper to relieve the besieged Germans in Denmark."

The Germans have periodically been reported as about 70,000 strong in the three main regions of Jutland, Zeeland and Funen. North Jutland is largely heathland, and here are most of the airfields. The west coast from Skagen down to Esbjerg is almost a continuous line of high dunes and shallow lagoons. The east coast has sheltered harbours and fiords, and off it are dotted Denmark's several hundred islands, only a few score of which are lived on, and all of which cannot be protected from possible Allied occupation.

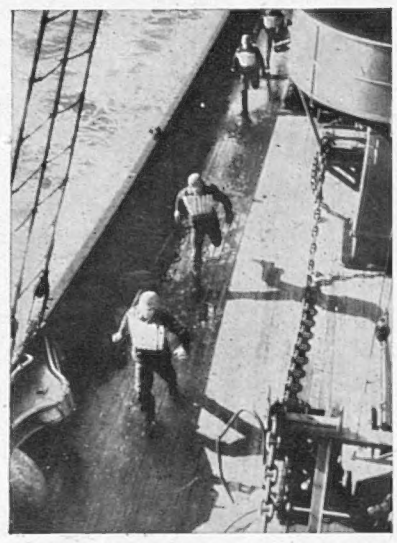
The real German nightmare must be of a pincer attack on their exposed northern flank simultaneously from west and east. Then the *Luftwaffe* would have to be powerful at both ends of the Baltic; against the Russians pushing from Leningrad towards the Baltic Provinces, and against the Western Allies.

The Red Banner Fleet at Kronstadt still has three months of activity before the ice closes in, and its submarines, gunboats and light forces are capable of damaging sorties; though we may henceforward hear as much, if not more, of Soviet heavy bombers in the Baltic. The U.S. "Forts" are creeping steadily eastward, having already got to Warnemunde by daylight. The Russians are using more and more very heavy bombers and these may soon get farther west than Koenigsberg, and more often. The prospect cannot be too bright for dwellers on the Baltic shores!

The Nazis have contemplated the Baltic all through this war as "a German lake." A brand of northern *Mare Nostrum*. Well, much stranger things could happen than that in ensuing times the Germans will be progressively reduced in the Baltic to the lowly state in which the Fascists left the Mediterranean. Nobody wants the Germans. All are turning against them, here as elsewhere, now that they are patently losing. Even the Finns would run a record mile towards the Americans if they thought it would guarantee them against big neighbours, whose intention it is to have a trusty glacis as frontier.

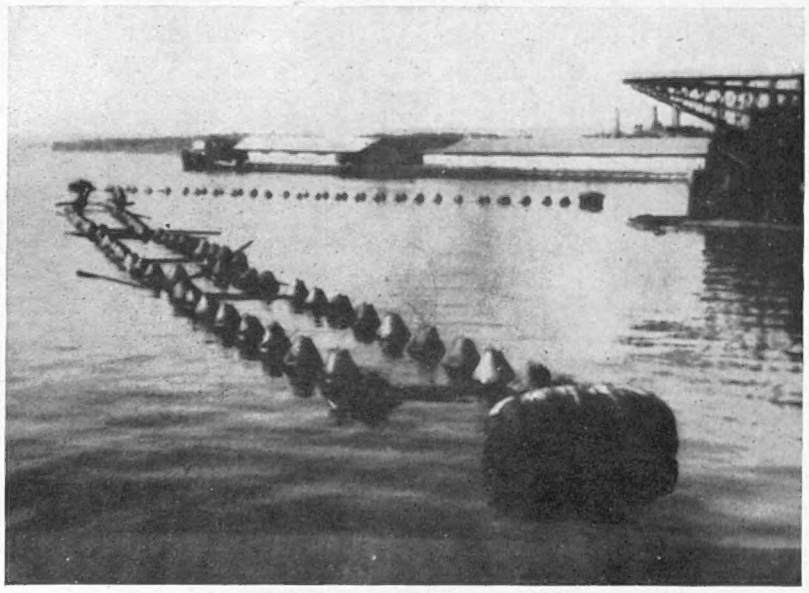
Judging by the complete failure of a Balt recruiting tour in Scandinavia, Germany's "Baltikum" has gone the way of the whole New Order. The Germans will find little help or encouragement in this part. Baltic Provinces have known but ten years under independent constitutions: 1929-1939. After taking them from Sweden, the Russians held them for 200 years until 1919. Esthonia, Lithuania and Latvia are ready to quit Germany, so much is certain.

ANTI-INVASION MEASURES ON THE "WEST WALL"



AN ALARM ON A GERMAN "OUTPOST BOAT." Not content with an "Atlantic Wall," the Germans have now put into commission a number of "outpost boats" for patrol work in the North Sea. These are manned against Allied aircraft, surface craft, submarines—and invasion ships!

MOBILE A.-A. GUNS TO GUARD THE NAZI RAILWAYS. Each battery consists of four guns mounted on railway undercarriages: the troops who man them live in Pullman coaches drawn up on sidings near by. This picture was taken whilst soldiers were undergoing training



FEARING AN ALLIED INVASION, THE NAZIS BARRICADE OSLO HARBOUR: Jittery over things to come, the Germans are now barricading themselves behind coastal fortresses along the extended Occupied coastline. This picture, sent by radio from Stockholm to New York, has just arrived in England: it shows anti-torpedo nets which have been put up at the entrance to the harbour at Oslo

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

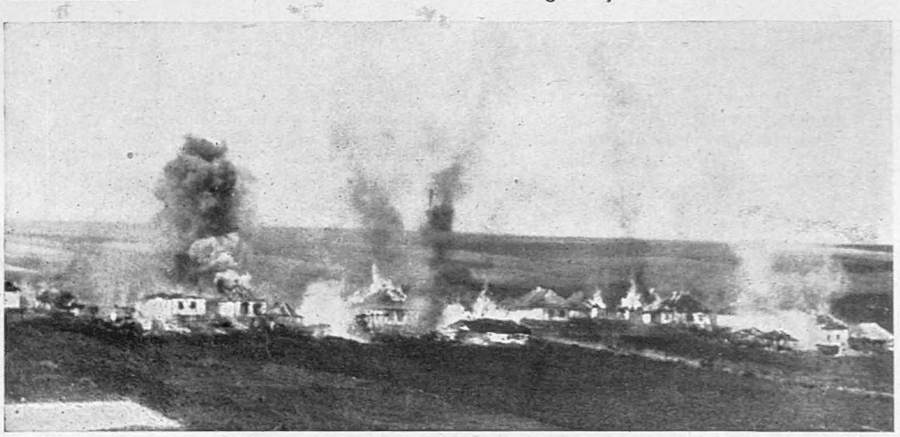
The OFFENSIVE WHICH FAILED

The Abortive German Summer Advance on the Russian Front, which the Red Army First Repelled and Then Countered by Capturing Orel and Byelgorod

NAZI GRENADIERS IN THE FIELD waving a Swastika flag and signalling to show the dive-bombers their position, so that the Stukas should not launch attacks on their own comrades in the heat of battle

"GERMAN GRENADIERS FOLLOW AT THE HEELS OF THE FLEEING ENEMY to keep them from taking up new positions in the battles over wide areas of the East Front"—*German caption.* Apparently the "German Grenadiers" were unsuccessful, because the roles were soon reversed and the Germans became "the fleeing enemy"!

POURING RAIN CAME DURING THE RUSSIAN BATTLES: This picture shows a flooded German defence post. Munitions and supplies had to be transported in dinghies



ACCORDING TO THE GERMANS, THIS WAS A RUSSIAN VILLAGE acting as a Soviet "nest of resistance." It was shelled by Nazi artillery, and burned fiercely as the ammunition dumps exploded. As usual in Russia, the houses are obviously of wood

GERMAN TANKS ADVANCING THROUGH A SOVIET ARTILLERY BARRAGE DURING INTENSE FIGHTING. But, during their 1943 advance, the Germans came up against armoured equipment of even better quality than their own! In a few weeks the advance had become a rout

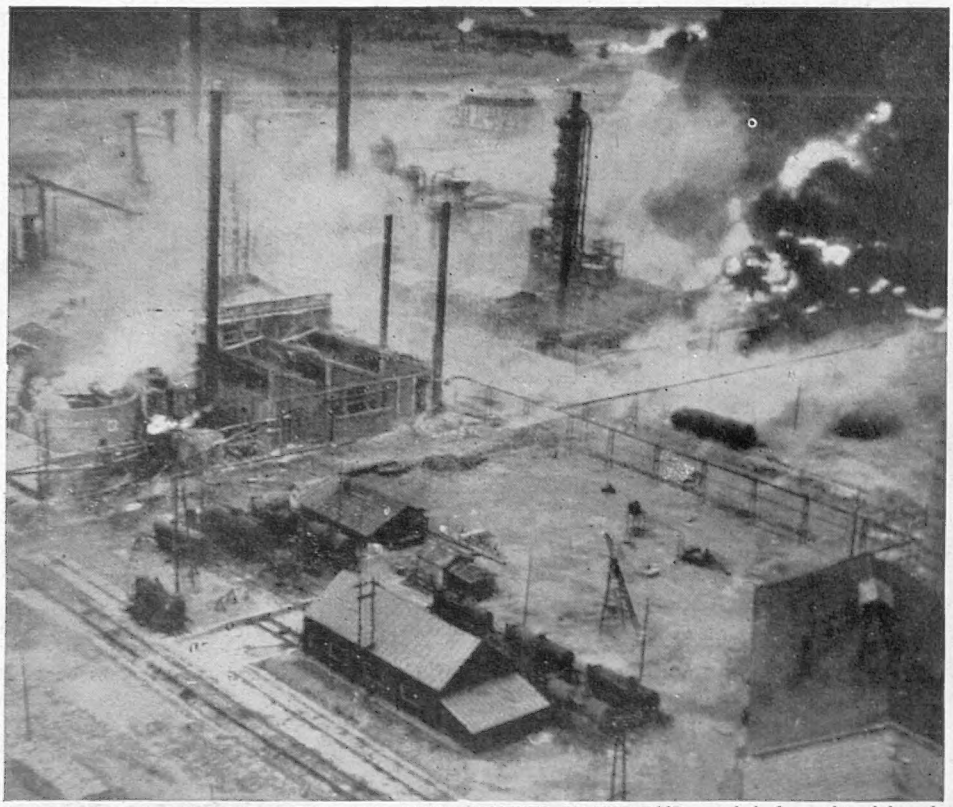
HEAVY GERMAN TANKS AND MOTORISED TROOPS in action in the opening days of the Nazis' abortive offensive

HUGE GERMAN SUPPLY COLUMNS FOLLOWED AT THE HEELS OF THE FIGHTING UNITS. The Nazis had made their usual thorough preparations for a rapid advance, but the nature of the Russian resistance seems to have taken them completely by surprise

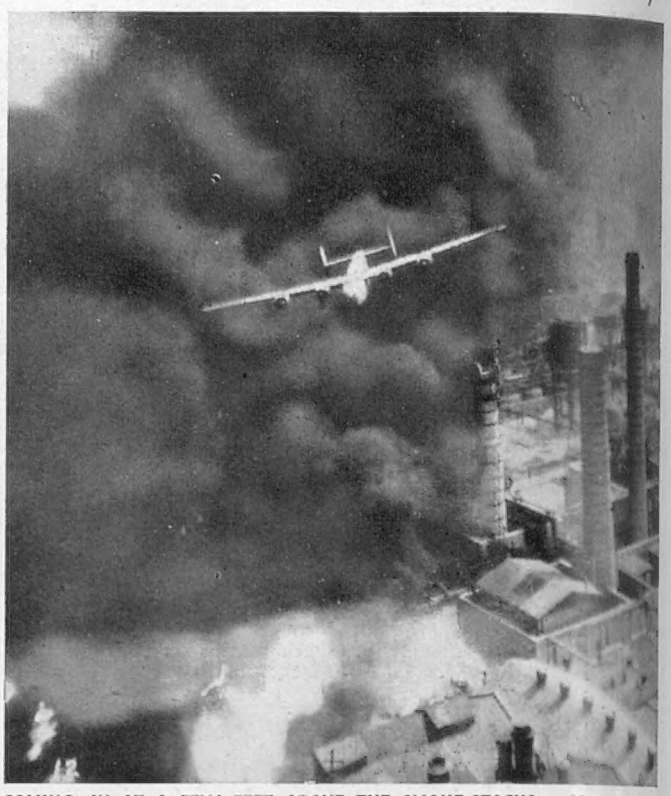
As had been fully expected, with the coming of high summer, the Germans launched their offensive against the Russians on the Eastern front. Each summer so far they have done so; but not previously with such disastrous results! Not only did the Red Army withstand the might of the Germans, but soon they were hitting back. At the end of a few weeks Orel, "strong-point" for two years and hinge of German strategy, was in Russian hands: Byelgorod soon followed. Thus, for the first time, has a mighty German offensive petered out—and in the summer, which the Nazis have always declared to be their best campaigning season. The pictures reproduced here show the German side of the abortive "offensive": they have reached this country via neutral states. But they have arrived too late. Intended to show (once again) the impressiveness of German might, they now serve to underline the magnitude of the Russian victory!

THE BOMBING OF PLOESTI

The Surprise Blow by American Aircraft at the Great Rumanian Oilfields, Main Source of Fuel for Germany



AN ACTION PICTURE MADE DURING THE FIRST MOMENTS OF THE RAID, and before the delayed-action bombs had begun to do their work. On the left a storage tank is going up in flames. This, and the other pictures here, came by radio from Cairo



COMING IN AT A FEW FEET ABOVE THE SMOKE-STACKS. More than 90 per cent. of the damage was done by delayed-action bombs after the big Liberators had left the target area

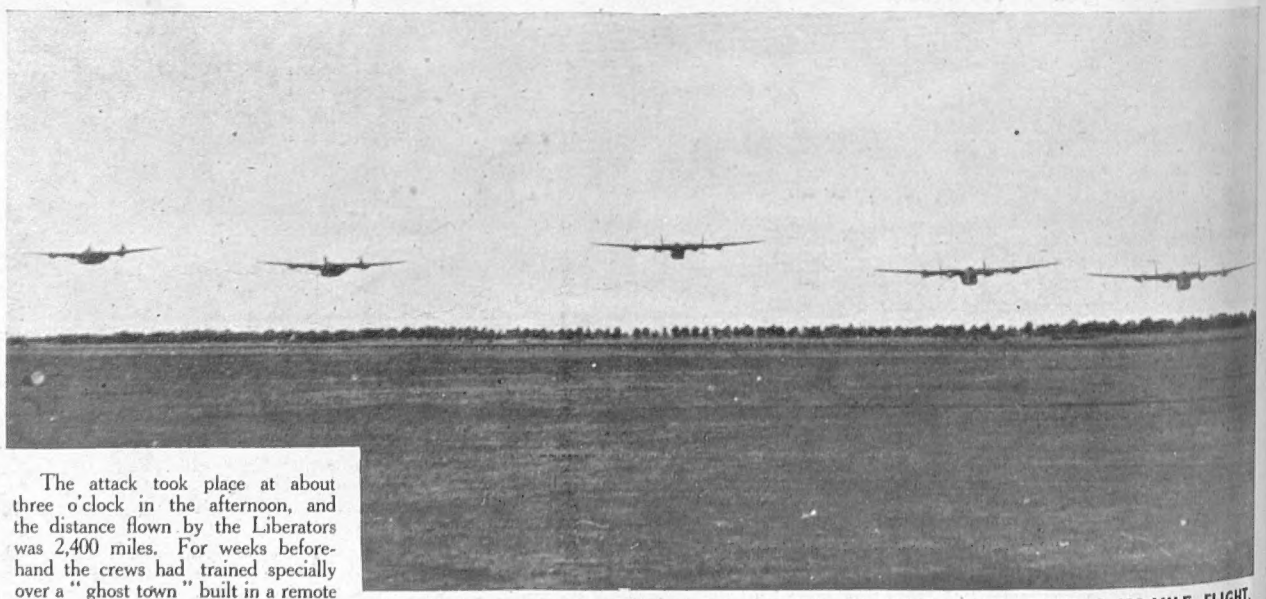
THREE LIBERATORS OF THE U.S. NINTH AIR FORCE streaking through a gap in the smoke and flame rising from the battered oil refineries. The pilots were ordered to attack installations, as the oilfields themselves cover too huge an area for effective bombing

A FIERCE FIRE BURNING AT THE CREDITUL MINIER REFINERY. This is the latest in Ploesti and the only one producing high octane aviation fuel. It was completely covered with bombs

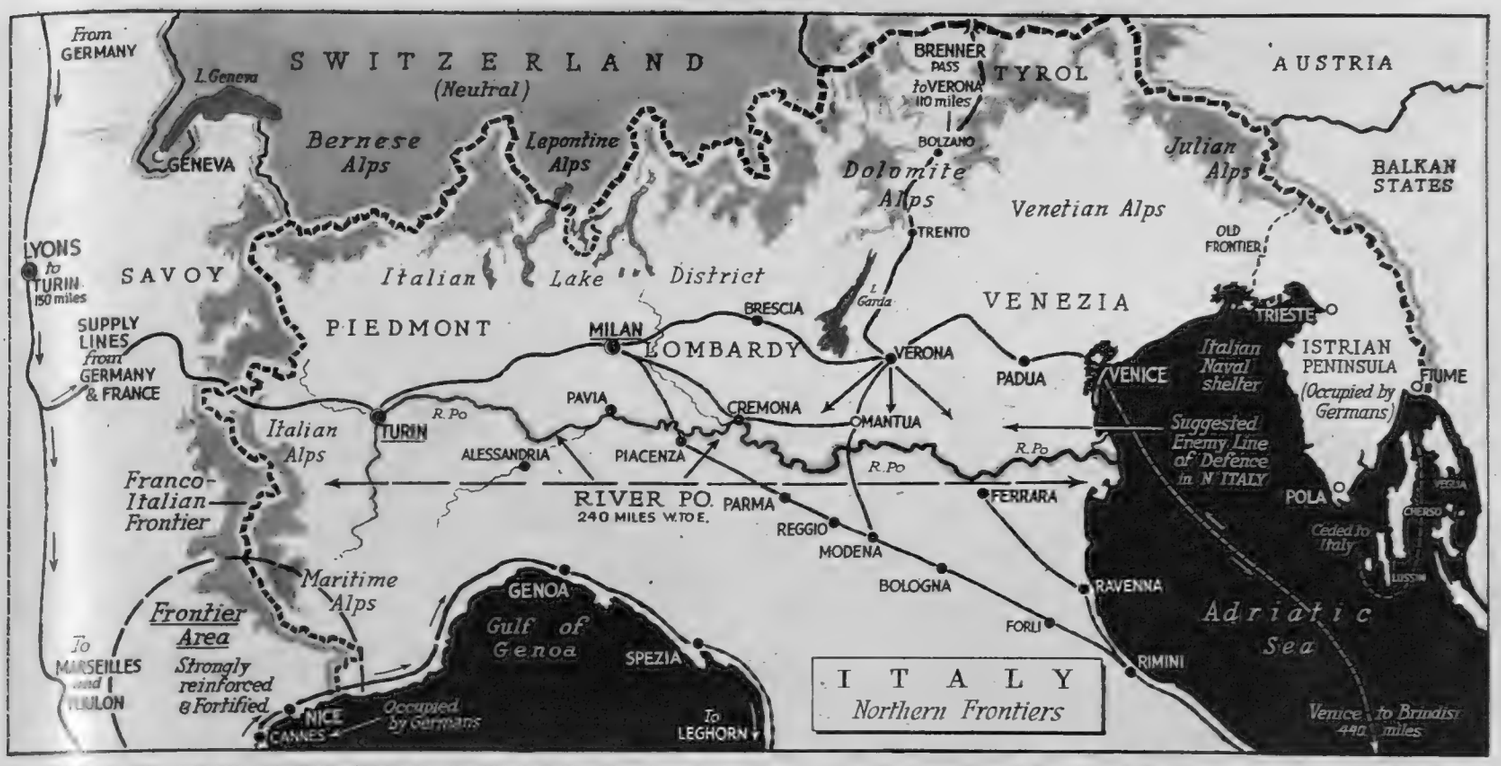
On August 1, a force of 177 American Liberator bombers, manned by some 2 000 specially trained airmen, carried out a devastating low-level attack on the great Rumanian oilfields at Ploesti, now the chief source of oil fuel for the German war machine. Ploesti lies 35 miles from Bucharest: most of the aircraft went in at heights varying from 100 to 500 ft. Twenty were reported to have been shot down over the oilfields, and others did not report back to their base: the Germans claimed that thirty-six of the bombers were destroyed, and that sixty American airmen who baled out were taken prisoners by themselves and the Rumanians. But, in return, no fewer than fifty-one Me.109s were claimed to be destroyed.

The Astro-Romano Refinery, biggest plant of its kind in Europe, was heavily damaged; the Creditul Minier, the only one producing high octane aviation fuel, was completely covered with bombs; many explosions were reported from the pumping station of the Guirgiu pipe-line; and the Colombia Aquila, Americana Rumana and Orion refineries were repeatedly hit.

The attack took place at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the distance flown by the Liberators was 2,400 miles. For weeks beforehand the crews had trained specially over a "ghost town" built in a remote section of the Libyan Desert, where they practised the low-level tactics so successfully employed.



THE FIRST LIBERATOR BOMBERS TO RETURN TO BASE AFTER THEIR 2,400-MILE FLIGHT. Twenty planes were reported to be shot down over the oilfields, seven were forced down over Turkey and an eighth is thought to have crashed in the sea near the Turkish shore



THE CRUX OF THE ITALIAN DEFENSIVE PROBLEM IN THE NORTH: The line of the River Po, or the Genoa-Venice line, which the Germans are determined to hold as an outlying bastion for the defence of their "Fortress" against possible Allied attacks from Italy

It was because of the insistence on the establishment of this "line of the Po" by the Germans, even if it meant the abandonment of the rest of Italy, that Mussolini fell. And now that he has gone, the Germans are still insisting that this is the only practicable line in North Italy. Behind it lie the principal industrial areas which they can still harness to their war machine: but, above all, the area behind the Po forms an outlying bastion of the "Fortress Europa." By retaining this region under their own control, the Germans hope to stave off the evil day when the war will be fought on purely German soil. Also, by fortifying the French Mediterranean coast they hope to prevent an invasion of France by sea-borne Allied troops

The END of MUSSOLINI—and the FASCIST PARTY

The Diary, in Full, of a Momentous Week in the History of Modern Italy

SATURDAY, JULY 24.—Italy and the outside world were unaware of the dramatic events which took place in Rome on the momentous day of July 24. It was only known that the Fascist Grand Council was meeting, the first occasion since December 7, 1939. No one dreamed that it was the last day of the Duce's reign, after twenty years of dictatorial rule. He had summoned the Council to inform them of the result of his meeting with Hitler at Verona on the 19th. As far as is known, he explained that the Führer had insisted that he could not protect the whole of Italy, but he intended to hold a defensive line in the north, along the River Po. He required all Italian troops, with all munitions of war, to retire to this line, bringing with them all stores of food, the gathering in of the harvest and all rolling stock, leaving the greater part of Italy defenceless and starving, to the mercy of the invading Allied forces, who would have to feed the people. The Council refused to consider this proposal, and Count Grandi suggested a complete change in war policy, "Militarily and politically the situation is hopeless. The regime must fall," and with this he demanded the Duce's resignation. Outvoted by nineteen to six, Mussolini had to yield. When the meeting ended in the early hours of Sunday morning they had apparently decided that the fate of Italy was more important than the suicide of the Party.

WHEN MUSSOLINI SMILED: A picture taken during the course of one of his many appearances on the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia. On this occasion, it was during Italy's campaign against Abyssinia, when things were going well for the Italian Army

SUNDAY, JULY 25.—Early in the morning Mussolini went to King Victor Emmanuel and submitted his resignation, retiring (so it was reported) to a villa on the way to Ostia. Throughout the day Rome knew nothing of the stupendous event. Demonstrations in favour of peace were held in Venice, Turin, Milan and Bologna. Late in the evening a proclamation was broadcast by the King, stating he was assuming the leadership of all the armed forces, and Marshal Badoglio followed, announcing that, by order of the King, he was taking up the military government of the country.

The streets of Rome had been silent and dark, but directly after this stupendous news, they rapidly filled with shouting people.

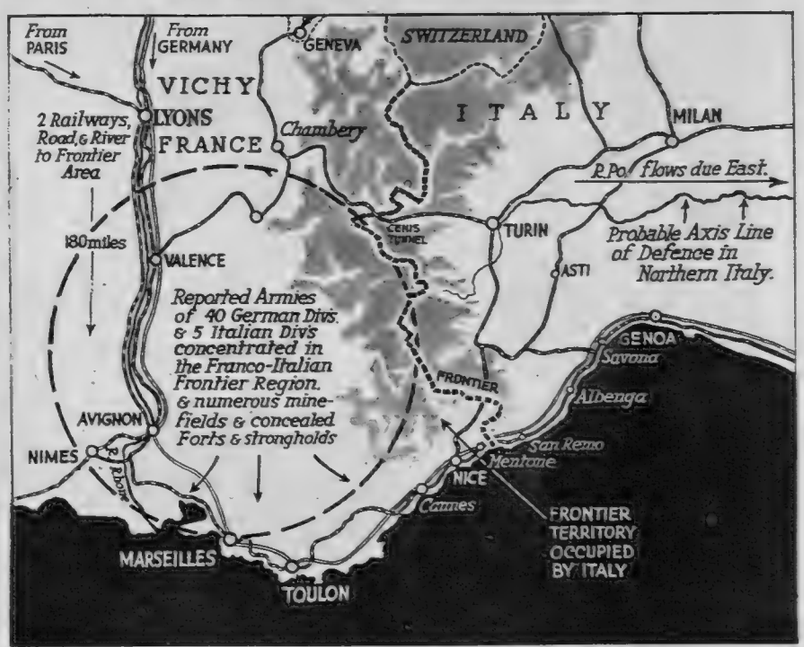
MONDAY, JULY 26.—Great demonstrations took place all over Italy, from north to south, rejoicing in the newly-recovered freedom. The Fascist Militia in Rome prepared to resist, but soon gave up when regular forces appeared and demanded surrender. The German troops everywhere remained in their barracks. In Milan processions went to cheer the Count of Turin, the King's cousin. Crowds attacked the offices of the *Popolo d'Italia*, Mussolini's newspaper.

TUESDAY, JULY 27.—Marshal Badoglio issued a manifesto, after forming an entirely new Cabinet. The Army assumed the care of public order; martial law was proclaimed; curfew imposed, and meetings of any kind prohibited.

The Fascist Party was dissolved, with all its powers, and the leaders put under protective arrest. The Fascist Militia was renamed and incorporated into the Army.

Mr. Churchill made a speech stating that the Allied forces would bring to the Italian people, if they so decide, "relief from the war, freedom from servitude, and, after an interval, a respectable place in the new and rescued Europe. . . ."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28.—No word came from Badoglio's Government concerning peace; he was thought to be giving the Germans time to withdraw troops. Industrial towns in the north were causing anxiety, especially in Milan, where all work had stopped and crowds were clamouring for peace. General Canale, commanding the Army Corps there, made an urgent appeal for public order to be restored and work resumed. Machine-guns were set up all over the city, but no order was given to open fire on the crowds. Some Fascists had barricaded themselves in their headquarters and refused to surrender. Railways and tramways were taken over by the Army, which remained faithful to the new Government.



WHY THE GERMANS MASSED THEIR TROOPS IN THE LYONS AREA BEFORE THE FALL OF MUSSOLINI. The strategic importance of this area, close to the Italian frontier and to the Mediterranean coast, has, for some time, been obvious to the enemy

THURSDAY, JULY 29.—General Eisenhower broadcast a message to the Italian people, commending the overthrow of Mussolini, the greatest obstacle to peace. "We are coming as liberators. Your part is to cease immediately any assistance to the German military forces in your country." He promised the return of the Italian prisoners captured in Tunisia provided all British and Allied prisoners were restored safely and not sent into Germany. This was Mussolini's sixtieth birthday.

There was a report that Germany had occupied Trieste, Fiume and Pola.

FRIDAY, JULY 30.—Riots continued to increase in Milan. Tanks and armoured cars maintained constant patrol in the city. Workers still remained on strike, demanding peace. Some formed processions, in defiance of troops and police, proclaiming Soldiers' and Workers' Councils on Soviet lines. Badoglio issued new decrees. Political prisoners were being released; no political badges, flags or emblems to be displayed; Chamber of Fasces and Corporations was disbanded; elections for new Assembly promised.

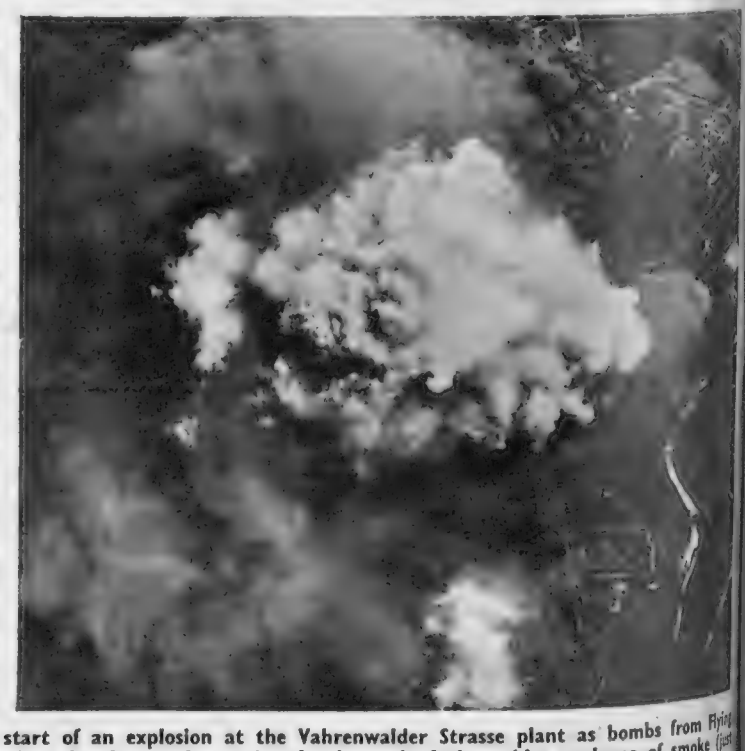
SATURDAY, JULY 31.—The Allies issued a warning to the Italian people that heavy raids would begin again upon the mainland of Italy, as there was no sign of a German withdrawal. The new Government of Italy had given time for the Germans to recover. The people were warned to keep away from ports, railways, depots and the German barracks.

ONLY A PART OF THE TERRIFIC POUNDING OF HAMBURG! One of the day raids by American Flying Fortresses actually in progress, showing the target area enshrouded in a huge pall of smoke

Nothing like the terrific attack on Hamburg has ever before been witnessed in any theatre of war : by day and by night the attacks have gone on, by the R.A.F. and by the American Air Force. Systematically, and piece by piece, Germany's second largest city has crumbled under the enormous weight of bombs and incendiaries which have been showered down, until now it can almost be "written off" as a living and working city. This picture was taken on July 25 by daylight as the Flying Fortresses of the Eighth Air Force from England followed up an earlier night attack by the R.A.F. The smoke pall over the doomed city was so dense that Hamburg was not visible through it : silhouetted against the dense bank are three of the big four-engined aircraft : a fourth can be seen to the right of the top centre : down in the bottom left-hand is a lone Focke-Wulf 190 fighter trying to catch up with the bombers.

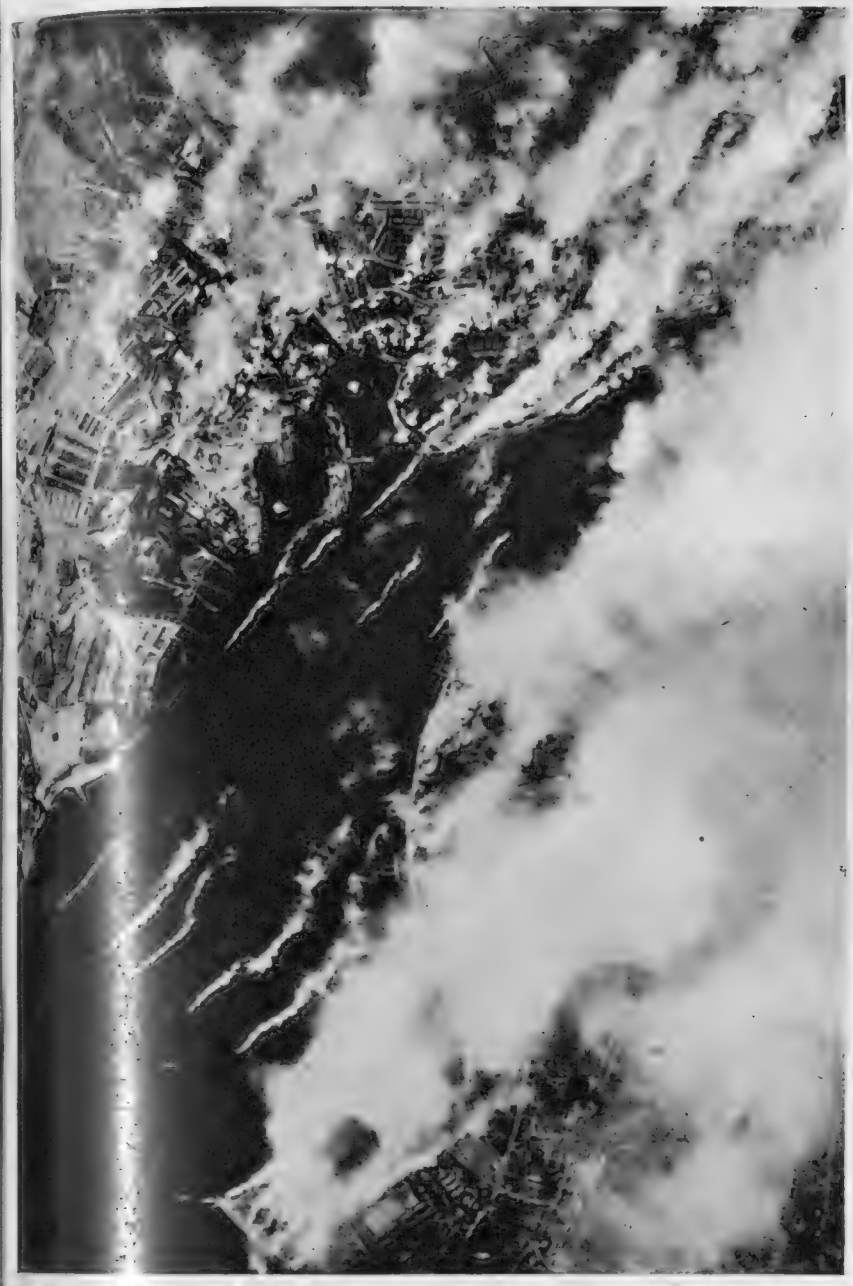
ATTACK by DAYLIGHT

Flying Fortresses and Mitchells Carrying Out Their Bombing Tasks by Day, to Make the Offensive Against Germany a Round-the-Clock Affair



THE RUBBER-TYRE FACTORIES OF HANOVER HARD HIT IN A DAY RAID : *On left*—The start of an explosion at the Vahrenwalder Strasse plant as bombs from Flying Fortresses plaster the target : in the upper corner is the tail of one of the American bombers. *On right*—At the end of the raid, a volcano of smoke (just beginning in the left-hand picture) has here towered up through the haze 20,000 ft. into the skies

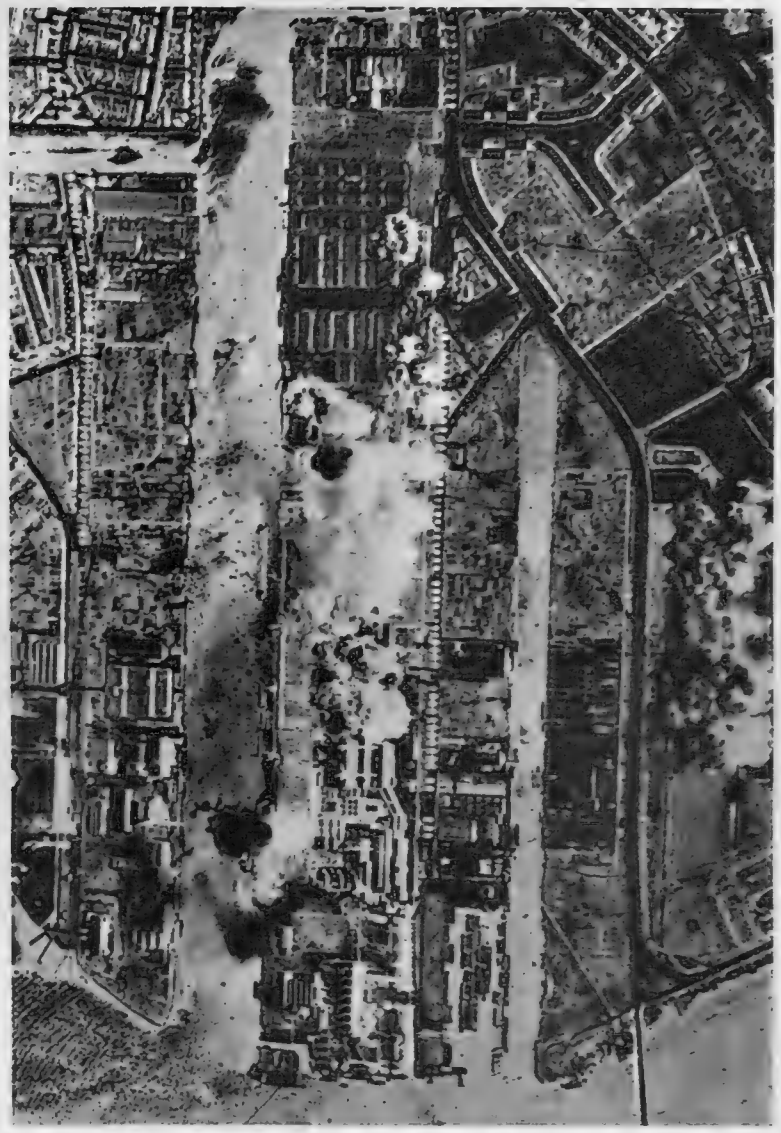
In the city of Hanover, right in the heart of Germany, are two big sprawling rubber-tyre factories which stand high on the enemy's production priority list. On July 26, these factories were bombed by daylight by Flying Fortresses. The two pictures above indicate with what effective results. Most of the tyres needed for the German Air Force and the Army are produced in the two factories, which, together, cover a very big area : approximately 50,000 people are believed to be employed there. Using their methods of precision bombing, the big U.S. aircraft left the targets in flame and shrouded by a dense pall of smoke which rose 20,000 ft. into the air. As will be seen, the factories alone seem to have suffered, all the bomb-bursts seen on the left being in one huge cluster. On this same day American bombers were also busy at a number of other important places—and, in addition, more than fifty-seven enemy aircraft were destroyed



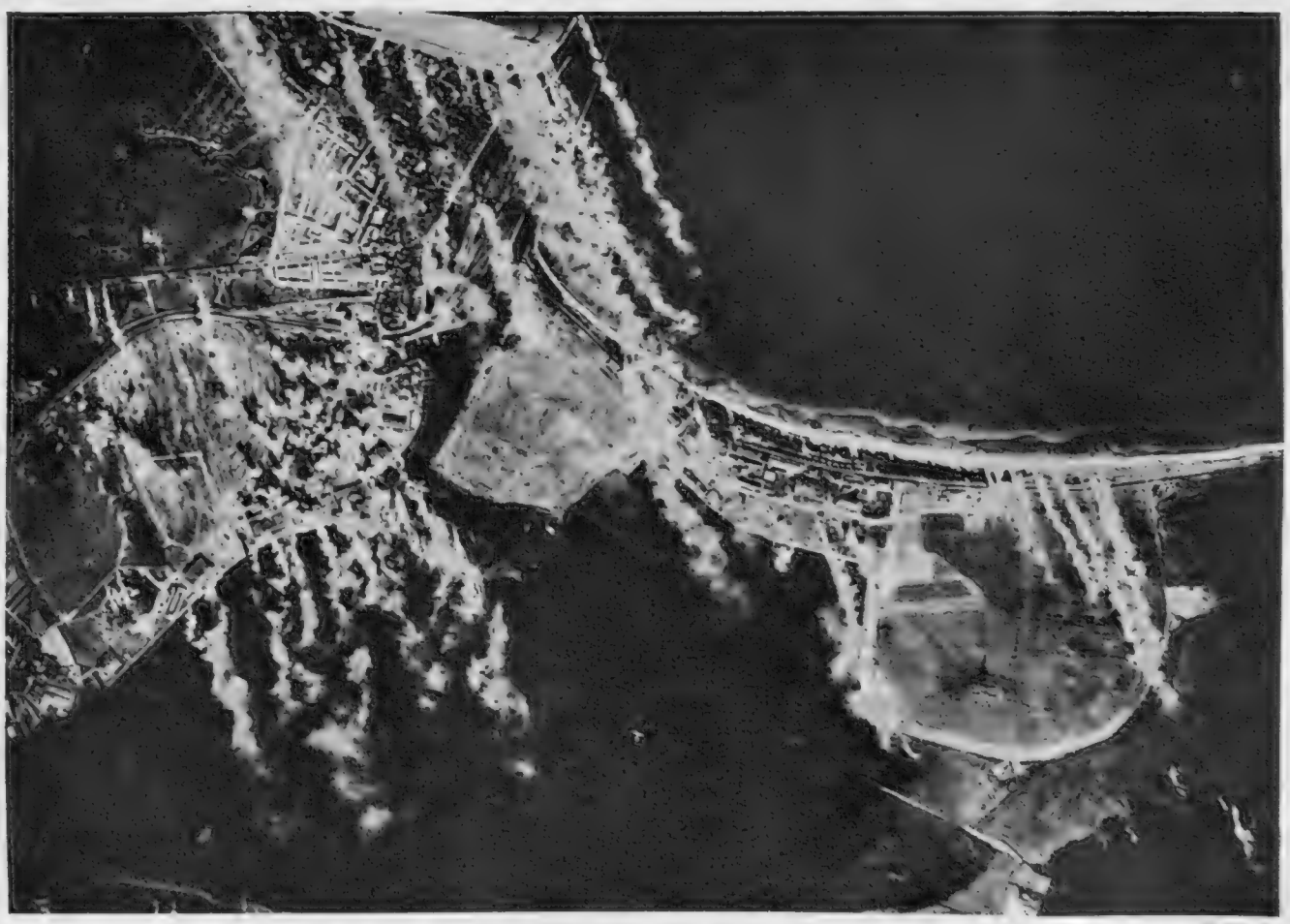
THE BLASTING OF THE U-BOAT YARDS AT KIEL ON JULY 29, when strong formations of Fortresses battered the shipyards in the face of German fighters which maintained their attacks for an hour

When the Fortresses went to Kiel, they had to penetrate tricky Nazi smoke-screens to reach their targets. Strong formations went in to the attack—unescorted and by daylight. For an hour enemy fighters tried to shoot down the bombers; but in their reports the American pilots claimed to have shot down more than thirty of the attackers. They said that they had never seen such a variety of fighter planes opposing them: even night fighters were sent up, and the Germans frequently came in against the Fortress formations five and six abreast. In the picture reproduced here, innumerable bombs can be seen bursting within the target area, whilst from the water rises the smoke from incendiaries

On right—On July 29, whilst strong formations were battering Kiel Harbour, other Fortresses were flying across Germany to make their deepest penetration into enemy territory yet. The target was the great Heinkel works at the Baltic port of Warnemunde. Although at Kiel considerable fighter opposition was encountered, at Warnemunde there was an absence of fighters, although this raid, too, was carried out in daylight. The picture reproduced on the right was taken from a Fortress which passed over the aircraft works early in the attack: later groups of Fortresses in passing over the target reported hits on most of the important buildings



R.A.F. MITCHELL BOMBERS ATTACK THE FOKKER AIRCRAFT FACTORY AT AMSTERDAM. This photograph was taken during an attack carried out on July 25. Escorted by Spitfires, the Mitchells flew to Amsterdam by daylight and scored hits right across the target. Bombs are seen here actually straddling the north-west part of the factory area, resulting in several direct hits on the buildings, including the tool shops and assembly building. In addition, the dockside coal elevator of the Noord II power station has been hit, and other bursts are seen on, and close to, buildings at the south-east end of the Noord II station. To the extreme right of the picture, another concentration of bursts is straddling a flak position half a mile to the north of the main target



THE DEEPEST PENETRATION YET MADE INTO GERMANY BY FLYING FORTRESSES. The assault on the great Heinkel aircraft works at Warnemunde, on the Baltic coast, which was only one of a dozen important targets hit during a period of unprecedented and intensive bombing in central and north-western Germany

JAPAN LOSES HER SHIPS and AIRCRAFT

Statistics Have Revealed Inroads Made by Allied Successes which Tokyo Cannot Replace

Described by DONALD COWIE

THE most hopeful feature of the Pacific war from the beginning has been the limited shipbuilding and aircraft manufacturing resources of Japan. This limitation applies not only to the actual industries (before the war Japan had to purchase ship and aeroplane parts as well as hire skilled labour from abroad), but also to raw materials. All her Pacific conquests have still not provided Japan with readily workable supplies of certain essential minerals, chemicals and textiles.

Is it possible to say that nearly two years of war against the United Nations have caused Japan's armament position, particularly in ships and aircraft, still further to deteriorate? An answer to that question is best supplied by the available statistics. These figures cannot be described as completely up-to-date, because actions in the South-West Pacific may alter them before they are in print, and they are conservative figures, assessed by the authorities on the basis of definite "kills."

When she entered the war, the Japanese Navy, so far as was known, consisted of some twelve battleships, twelve heavy cruisers, twenty light cruisers, 120-odd destroyers, between eighty and ninety submarines, and an indefinite number of aircraft-carriers (perhaps nine of varying sizes, perhaps a dozen). Japanese naval losses to date have been two battleships, six aircraft-carriers, twenty cruisers, seventy-six destroyers, and an indefinite but considerable number of submarines.

These statistics include Japanese losses in the recent Kula Gulf action. They virtually cut the original Imperial Navy in half (save in vulnerable, half-useless battleships). Of course, new building will have made additions, but only to the extent of one or two ships in each class, for naval construction is a slow process, and the Japanese lack experience in the manufacture of certain components, such as engines.

Certainly the figures may explain why the Japanese have not made stronger naval efforts to restrain our South-West Pacific and Aleutian advances. They may, indeed, have reached the stage already when the bulk of their Navy must be kept in home waters, as a final protection against United Nations assault. (Note, in particular, how the Japanese aircraft-carriers, which proved so effective in the early stages of the war, have scarcely made an appearance lately.)

It was estimated in the autumn of 1941 that Japan's total aircraft strength was about 8,000 of all types, divided into military and naval arms, some 6,450 army and 1,550 naval planes.

Japanese air losses till June 1943 were at least 4,042 machines (official R.A.F. figures for the Far East, India and Burma). Several hundred have been destroyed since then, and the destruction of Japanese naval aircraft by the Americans from the beginning of the war must be considerable.

Over half, therefore, of the Japanese air strength has been eliminated to date. There have, of course, been replacements, but Japanese production is limited and handicapped. The director of Japanese military aviation admitted a few months ago that the Japanese Air Force was "inferior in technical knowledge to the American."

Equally striking are figures of losses in merchant shipping, so important to the Pacific enemy in her particular brand of amphibious warfare. It is not known what tonnage Japan possessed on the outbreak of war, but a reliable estimate is 7,000,000. She has lost since then some 2,000,000 tons. Undoubtedly she has captured about 475,000 tons and has built perhaps 450,000, leaving a net diminution of 1,075,000 tons. But her total shipping tonnage to-day, about 5,925,000 on the basis of those figures, falls far short of the minimum of 20,000,000 tons fixed by Japanese experts as essential for the prosecution of a successful Pacific war against America and Britain. It will be asked how American and British naval, air and shipping figures compare with these. They cannot be given in detail, but we know that the Royal Navy is stronger to-day then at the outbreak of war, the American Navy is stronger and the air forces of the partners are sufficient to swamp the Japanese many times over. Only in shipping at present are the United Nations relatively and locally short, but once Europe is invaded successfully and the U-boat finally controlled, we should have much more than 20,000,000 tons with which to confront the Japanese.

WHAT HAS BEEN GOING ON IN JAPANESE WATERS FOR MANY MONTHS PAST: Liberators make a long-distance raid on the important sea and air base at Macassar, on the west coast of the Celebes—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Until the total forces of the United Nations can be directed solely against the Japs, the Americans in the South-West Pacific have been carrying on a steady war of attrition against the enemy. Macassar is one of the important sea and air bases of the Japanese in the Celebes: to reach it, the bombers under General MacArthur's command had to make a round trip of probably more than 2,000 miles. Nevertheless, for five hours during the night the target was under fire: the enemy was taken completely by surprise, and many large fires along the waterfront, in the factory area and among aerodrome installations were started. In such operations as these, the Japs have lost great numbers of ships, aircraft and other vital equipment, as described in the accompanying article

A JAPANESE TROOPSHIP AFTER THE BATTLE OF GUADALCANAR: After being forced up to the beach, this big vessel was gutted by fires resulting from the bombing and shelling she received. As all the Japanese operations in the South-West Pacific and Aleutians to date have been amphibious, her losses in shipping can well be imagined!

A NEW METHOD OF WAGING WAR UPON THE JAPS. This picture comes from New Guinea. Clusters of parachute bombs, the newest U.S. anti-personnel weapon, are drifting down upon Japanese installations near the mouth of the Francisco River, on the east coast of the island. Note the line of entrenchments along the shore and the bomb-bursts almost directly over them. These delayed-action bombs burst a few feet above the ground, making slit-trenches and "fox-holes" virtually useless

ONE OF THE MOST CRITICAL MOMENTS DURING THE WHOLE INVASION: How the U.S. troops stopped the German tank attack near Gela, when the enemy attempted to drive the Americans back into the sea shortly after the landings on the Sicily beaches—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

SCENES during the SICILY CAMPAIGN

A Special Section, with Drawings and Diagrams by Sphere Artists, in Illustration of the Struggle Against the Axis since the Landings on the Island on July 10

Whilst the landings of the British and Canadian troops in the south-east of Sicily were made with comparative ease, the American forces which had landed near Gela came up against the stiffest opposition. At one time it looked as if the Germans had determined to concentrate solely on the Americans in an attempt to drive them back into the sea. It was whilst the landings were still in progress near Gela that the Germans struck with their heavy armoured formations. Fortunately, one of the U.S. airborne "combat teams" was ready to deal with them. But they were only armed with light howitzers and other infantry weapons: nevertheless, the airborne troops took the whole brunt of the enemy attack at this point. These youngsters (whose average age was just over twenty-one!) landed right between the American line and that of the German 15th Panzer Division. They had not been under fire before, but they acted like veterans. They refused to let the German tanks advance: they waited deliberately before firing and scored many hits—in some cases with rifle bullets aimed at the tank slits at only 50 yards range. The tanks broke under the onslaught and retired twice. The airborne troops kept the German Panzer Division off all day on Sunday and well into Monday. If that one lone combat team had not been on the spot, the operation in that area might well have ended in serious delay: the Germans could have rolled up the whole line if they had been able to drive the American troops here into the sea, for at that time the U.S. heavy equipment was stranded on a false beach 200 yards from the shore. Afterwards thirteen German tanks were found knocked out in one field, most of them in this engagement. This was the first time in history that a self-contained unit—complete with its own engineers, artillery, ammunition, quartermasters, and even padres and war correspondents—was committed to battle by air on such a scale. The odd looking weapon being operated by the team of two on the right of this picture is one of the new American rocket-like "bazookas."

HOW THE R.A.F. FOLLOWED HARD ON THE HEELS OF THE FLEEING ENEMY: "Commandos" clearing up bombed enemy aerodromes, so that our own aircraft could be operated from them within a few hours after their occupation—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

No sooner had the landings on the beaches been made in Sicily than the R.A.F. established its own "bridgeheads," by taking over captured airfields and adapting them for instant operations. At certain points the advance of the R.A.F. "Commandos" even overtook our assault forces in their push to establish mobile operational units. Small, self-contained parties moved and worked entirely independently of the landing forces. They kept their Sten and tommy-guns by their sides as they worked, and when attacked by enemy aircraft defended themselves vigorously. Everywhere our men found scenes of hurried departure on the airfields—meals half-eaten, clothes and personal belongings and half-empty wine bottles strewn about, and cars laden with baggage ready to be moved off. Dozens of aircraft of all types were found, most of them destroyed by Allied bombs. At some of the fields, hangars were just large skeletons of smashed walls. The airfields were repaired by the "Commandos" in a surprisingly short space of time, and soon our aircraft were actually operating from them

WHERE THE AMERICANS AND CANADIANS CO-OPERATED IN THE HILL DISTRICTS TO THE WEST OF ETNA in the task of rolling up the Germans' flank during the opening stages of the final battle for Catania. The Americans advanced to Sperlinga and the Canadians via Agira to Nicosia: most of the strategic towns within this area are rock-perched amidst a jumble of hills—*Drawing by Percy Home* (see notes below)

How the BATTLE for CATANIA BEGAN

The Allied Line Around Mount Etna as the Powerful Allied Forces Opened their Big Offensive on August 1

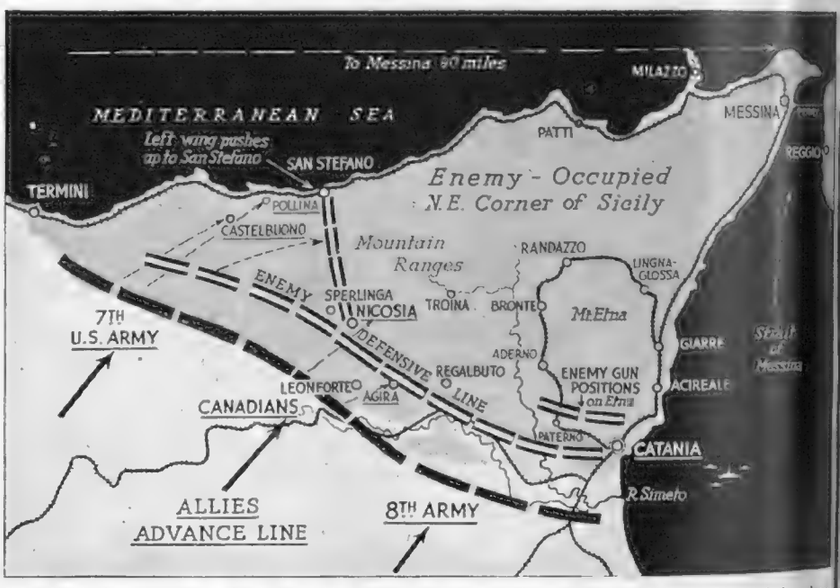
—Special Sphere drawings and diagrams

Just before the launching of the big attack on the German positions in the Plain of Catania, the Canadian and U.S. forces were steadily fighting their way towards the north-eastern tip of Sicily, gorge by gorge and hill-top by hill-top. Most of the towns within this area to the west of Etna are, indeed, rock-perched in highly picturesque fashion. "The country through which the Canadians have passed consists of big, sweeping hills with rocky crests and dusty valleys," writes one correspondent. "Almost all the towns are on the tops of hills. They started as fortresses in the days of the Norman occupation, and the inhabitants built their houses round them for protection. Again and again the roads make hair-pin bends or pass through steep gorges."

Nicosia, which was occupied by U.S. troops, is typical of these rock-perched towns. The castle occupies the highest point: it was built by Roger the Norman and it is considered to be the most medieval of all Sicilian towns.

The U.S. forces also occupied another spectacular place, Sperlinga, an ancient city with massive walls climbing up and down the rocky crest on which it is curiously placed. A road to the right branches off to Leonforte, through which the Canadians fought their way to Agira and Regalbuto, shown on the right of the drawing. Away to the left is the road to San Stefano and Mistretta, where the satisfactory haul of 10,000 prisoners was made.

The Allied forces then passed on towards Troina, the highest city in Sicily (3,650 ft.)—a very ancient place built on the site of Trajanopolis and dating originally from Greek times. Agira, shown in the background of the area of the Canadian advance, also has its castle and its memories of ancient days. The massive western slopes of Etna tower above the town.



HOW THE LINE STOOD IN THE OPENING DAYS OF AUGUST, when British, Canadian and American forces advanced to the final attack. In the opening days of the assault, Nicosia was the strategic hinge. As the Eighth Army pushed up from the south, Canadians and Americans swung round to face towards the east and to squeeze the Axis still further

AFTER THE CAPTURE OF ENNA BY THE CANADIANS AND AMERICANS. Canadian wounded at an advanced dressing station on the actual field of battle. The Medical Officer, Captain C. A. Campbell, of Ontario, is seen in the centre of the group

DURING THE BATTLE. A casualty is removed from the battlefield by two Canadian stretcher-bearers of the R.C.A.M.C.—Lce.-Corporal Cormier and Private Robbins, both of whom come from New Brunswick

THE EXTRAORDINARY CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THE BATTLE OF THE PLAIN OPENED BEFORE CATANIA: Cattle were still grazing between the lines, shells were whistling through the corn, but firing was only desultory during the great heat of midday, when the heat haze shimmered over the battlefield. Above all rose the dark mass of Etna with ever-smoking cone—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

In looking out over the great Plain of Catania, a wide brown expanse of ground opens up. Its nearer half is a succession of wheat-fields: in some the wheat still stands, but in most it has been cut and stooked. The strip of dark green running across the Plain a mile or two away marks the course of the Fornalunga River. Beyond, trees mark the beginning of orchard country which extends right to the foothills of Etna. When the battle opened, we held the open wheat plain, while the Germans held the good cover and rising ground of the orchard country. The whole countryside is now as dry as tinder, and battle is an inflammatory business. The fields are pocked with craters, and everywhere in the foothills and in the foreground of the Plain are British guns and British transport. The great haze of midday reduces visibility considerably, and in the hotter periods activity by guns and riflemen dwindled away until conditions became more favourab e

NIGHT—A NIGHT BARRAGE PUT UP BY THE FAMOUS 25-POUNDERS on the Catanian Plain, before the main battle opened on August 1

—AND DAY—BRITISH TROOPS HOLDING POSITIONS IN THE CATANIAN PLAIN under heavy shell and mortar fire from the Germans on the slopes of Etna

ONE OF THE LESSONS OF THE SICILIAN FIGHTING: The danger of a parallel road which can be shelled by the enemy's guns and thus rendered useless for communications. This was the scene which met a British war correspondent near Aderno, to the west of the main battlefield around Etna (the slopes of which are seen rising on the right of the drawing)—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

In one of his vivid despatches from the front, Mr. Christopher Buckley describes the scene depicted above in the following words: "The road by which I visited the front to-day ran for a long stretch parallel with our forward positions at a distance of no more than three-quarters of a mile. It afforded just as pretty an example of the tactical doctrine of the undesirability of communication lines running parallel to the front as you could wish to find. The road was pitted with holes made by shell-bursts and littered with derelict vehicles. Uprooted telegraph-posts and twisted wire added to the general atmosphere of destruction. There was one particularly unpleasant cross-roads on which the German guns had been ranging accurately, as a number of burnt-out trucks testified." Every yard of ground in this area was of the utmost importance to the enemy, and he had rushed up some of his toughest troops to hold it in preparation for the coming great Battle for Catania

WORKING UNDER THE MILITARY GOVERNOR OF SICILY (GENERAL SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER): officers, American and British, have been specially trained for such

THE ALLIED ADMINISTRATION OF SICILY

A.M.G.O.T. is Installed in the Occupied Areas, and Specially Trained Officers Take Over the Civil Administration of the Island

A WEEK after the Allies landed in Sicily, when a section of the island was already won, the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces was made Military Governor of Sicily. Under him was set up an organisation called the Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory (which has become known as Amgot, from the initial letters) to deal with the requirements of all the civil life of the island and to ensure the carrying out of the Governor's orders. The first proclamation declared that the powers of the Crown of Italy were suspended; the Fascist Party dissolved and its decrees annulled; that all Italian officials (except those especially removed) were to remain at their posts; and that all the people were to obey orders promptly, and refrain from hostile acts to the Allied troops.

The people were promised that if they remained peaceable they would be "subject to no greater interference than may be inevitable in view of military exigence, and may go about their normal avocations without fear." The proclamation was posted up and read out in all places and received with great cheering.

The Amgot organisation is no hasty improvisation—all the officials had been carefully chosen and trained for their special tasks some months ago, to be ready to take over civil administration and preserve public order. It was arranged that each district and town of fair size was to have a Civil Affairs Officer ready for the task. Special men have been selected for the various departments dealing with finance, public health, legal affairs and public supplies. At the head of Amgot is Major-General Lord Rennell of Rodd, whose father had been British Ambassador in Rome for many years. Under him as deputy is Brig.-General Frank McSherry of the U.S.A. Army.

All reports from Sicily give the same picture of the warm welcome of the Sicilian people to the Allied troops. They describe the scenes as unbelievable. Everywhere there was the feeling that the Allies came to bring about the end of the war, and that the miseries of the past years would soon pass away. They have been suffering from great scarcity of food, much being seized for the use of the German and Italian armies. Some of the men are reported to have been so weak that they were unable to do the heavy work offered them by the Allies.

Sicilians are as insular as most islanders and have never accepted Fascism with wholehearted zeal. The bulk of them are peasants, and Fascism appealed mostly to urban people and those engaged in industry. Mussolini had tried to win them by putting down the power of the Mafia, the brigand force which had defied all parliamentary rules, and by building roads, but taxes were also imposed, and to the peasant mind that dominated all else. They hated the interference in their life by Fascist officials—now they are looking forward to generous justice under Amgot.

One of the chief tasks of Amgot has been the distribution of food. Sicily is normally almost self-supporting, but used to import the special flour for macaroni from the mainland. Hard-grained wheat can take the place of this and will be supplied. There was a quantity of food kept in storage on the island, which is now being distributed, and the Sicilians are welcoming the change from being pressed to give up their food supplies to having foods and essential things handed out to them by the Allies.

ALLIED OFFICERS REGISTER THE FOOD SUPPLIES OF A LITTLE SICILIAN TOWN : They are here seen interviewing local merchants and taking records of stocks. These tasks ; they are everywhere taking over the organisation of civilian life on the island from the former Fascist officials—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

CITIZENS OF AVOLA reading the proclamation posted in the town. They were quite friendly and willing to co-operate

AN AMERICAN CIVIL AFFAIRS OFFICER for the Sicilian town of Mazara del Vallo has a friendly chat with Bishop Salvatore Ballo of the local Diocese

THE CROWD AT LENTINI watches approvingly the erasure from a wall of a Fascist slogan which reads "Great Britain has finally felt deeply the bite of the Roman Wolf"

LIFE in SICILY REVERTS to NORMAL for the POPULACE

British Soldiers and Italian Civilians Fraternize after the Allied Occupation of the Greater Part of the Island

IN THE TOWN OF NOTO: Corporal A. Black (of the Black Watch) and a civil policeman share duties in the occupied town

A NOW FAMILIAR SIGHT TO THE SICILIANS: Allied troops march through one of the towns as the populace calmly look on

THE BRITISH TOMMY MAKES FRIENDS WITH THE LOCAL INHABITANTS: Fulfilling his traditional role, a soldier gains the friendship of a Sicilian *bambino* during an off-duty moment in the open air

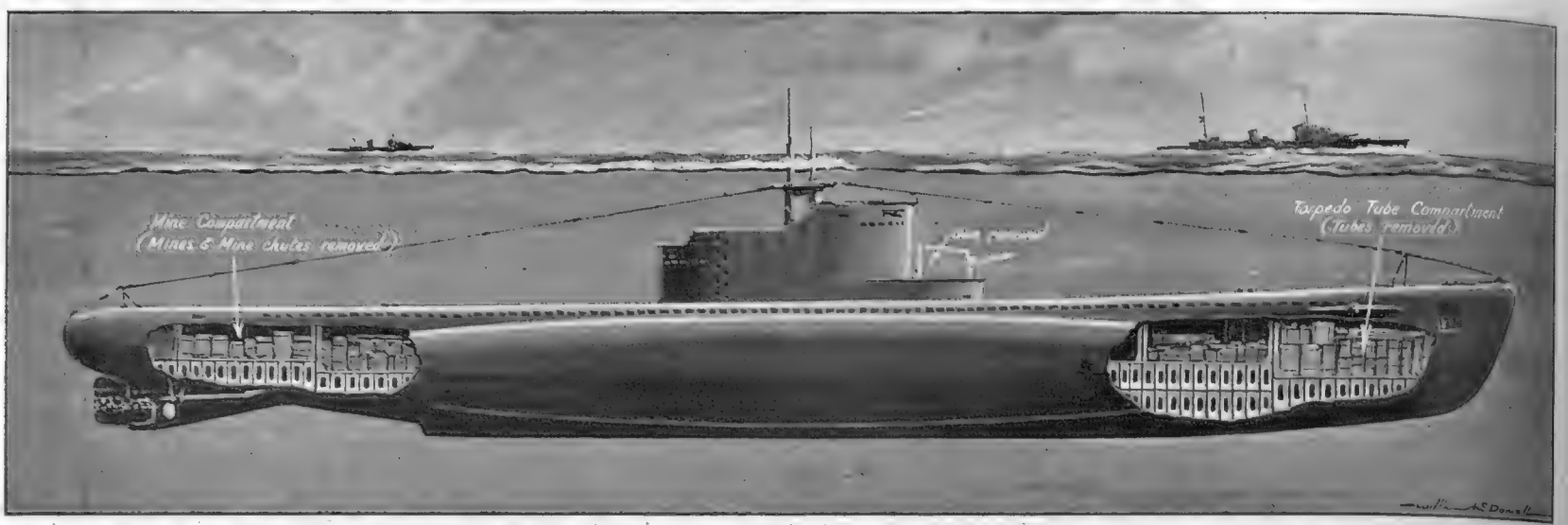
A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN SICILY TO-DAY: A picture taken in the small town of Lentini—a British soldier passes down a sunny street while the now friendly population pursue their normal avocations

THE FISHING FLEETS AGAIN PUT OUT OF THE SMALL HARBOURS ALONG THE SOUTHERN COAST OF THE ISLAND, all of which is now held by the Allies. The Sicilian fishing-boats are frequently decorated with attractive paintings : they are now operating under the watchful eye of the Royal Navy—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

For the greater part of the Sicilian population the war is already over—certainly along the southern coast of the Island, which is now firmly held in its entirety by the Allies. Very soon after the landings had been made on the beaches and the British, Canadian and American soldiers had passed on into the interior, the fishing-boats reappeared : their catches will be sold through the official markets established by A.M.G.O.T. These boats are now operating under cover of the Royal Navy, whose vessels have undisputed possession of Sicilian waters. The scene of the above drawing is Porto Empedocle, near Girgenti, a picturesque little harbour with a colourful past ; inshore is a British destroyer of the Hunt class, evidence of the "change of ownership" undergone by the island. Elsewhere in Sicily, in dozens of towns and villages, life has already returned to normal, save for one thing—the absence of the overbearing Fascist officials who have been completely swept away, with A.M.G.O.T. taking their place. In no single case has there been a refusal on the part of the municipalities to co-operate with the military. Mayors and priests, doctors and gendarmes, are only too anxious to help. There is food in the island, and in country districts there is little hardship ; but feeding the big towns will probably prove a problem. The ordinary Italian ration-cards are still in force—they provide reasonable, but not generous, diet. Later, when war considerations are less immediate, it may be possible to increase them

EVEN THE OLD LADIES ARE UNPERTURBED BY THE WAR : A long column of Italian prisoners pass through the streets of Syracuse shortly after its capture by the Allies. Only one British soldier is visible—on the left

THE SICILIAN PEASANTS RETURN TO THEIR HOME. While a Canadian jeep drives along the road to Enna, civilians return to their farms near a village occupied by the advancing Allied forces



THE NAZIS HAVE SEIZED THE ITALIAN SUBMARINE FLEET, so it has been reported: It is also stated that they intend to convert these underwater craft and use them as cargo vessels to beat the blockade. How this could be achieved is indicated in the drawing above, but—the amount of cargo the submarines could then carry is very small; and they would have to be stripped of their armament to do it—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell* (See notes below)

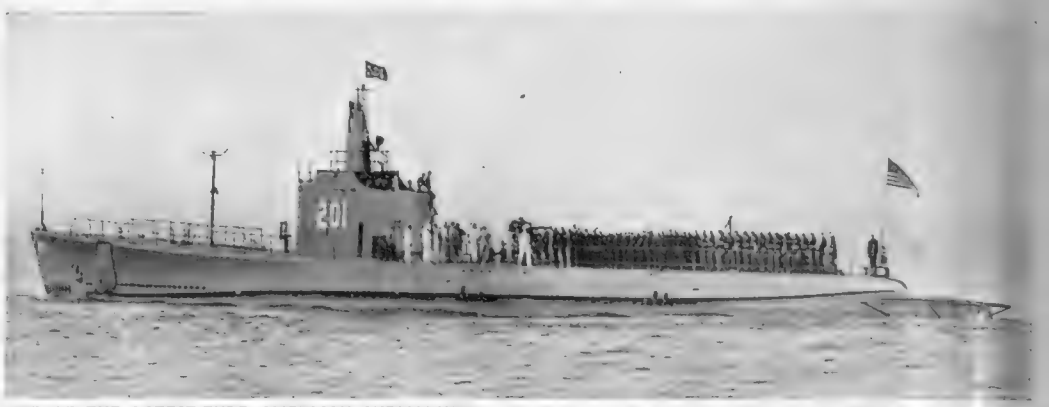
THE ITALIAN SUBMARINES

Have They been Taken Over by the Germans for Use as Merchantmen to Beat the Allied Blockade?

—Special Sphere Drawing and Notes

Just before the fall of Mussolini, it was reported from Washington that the Germans had seized the Italian submarine fleet and were turning dozens of ships into undersea cargo-boats in an attempt to beat the Allied blockade. Many of Italy's submarines, stripped of their weapons and defenceless, were reported to be making long and dangerous undersea journeys for Germany's benefit. Circumstantial details were not lacking: the Italian submarine *Cangi*, of 1,469 tons, had been selected for the first experimental trip, it was said; on board were a large number of leading Italian submarine commanders to be trained in the art of blockade-running. After the experiment, orders are supposed to have been issued to a number of other Italian U-boats to put back into port for their armament to be removed; the vessels were then to be sent into the Pacific to obtain cargoes of minerals and valuable raw materials from Japan in exchange for machinery parts.

But these stories need not be taken very seriously! The amount of space available, even when the vessel's armament is removed, is very small. A submarine is literally crammed with machinery and apparatus necessary for propulsion and diving. The Diesel engines (for surface propulsion) and the electric motors (for underwater propulsion), with their auxiliary machinery (such as generators, compressors, pumps, steering and hydroplane gear, accumulators, and the elaborate system of ballast and fuel tanks), occupy so much space that very little is left for the officers' and crew's accommodation, let alone cargo.



ONE OF THE LATEST-TYPE AMERICAN SUBMARINES, which presents an almost destroyer-like appearance when on the surface. This is the *Triton*, which was, unfortunately, reported lost on July 22 after having destroyed more than a dozen Jap warships and merchantmen in the Pacific. She was completed in October 1940: with a displacement of 1,475 tons and a length of 299 ft., she carried a complement of sixty-five men. When on the surface her whole deck was well above the water; with her distinctive bow, the *Triton* almost resembled a destroyer!

Assuming that the submarine is stripped of its weapons, i.e., torpedo-tubes and guns, a quite small space is made available for cargo: this space is at the ends, where the tapering of the hull further constricts the area. The guns, in any case, are exterior, and the only space gained by their removal would be that of the small magazines which serve them. A further difficulty would be to arrange for hatches. The shape of any submarine precludes hatches of more than a few feet wide; consequently, any cargo carried would have to be in quite small cases or bales.

On the whole, the idea of converting submarines into cargo carriers is uneconomical, and would not be contemplated except in sheer desperation, and then only for urgent materials of small bulk. It is doubtful whether a large submarine could be adapted to carry more than 100 tons of cargo.

The diagram above shows an Italian submarine of the Balilla class: these vessels are of 1,370 tons and have a cruising range of 13,500 miles. They have probably been mentioned in this connection because they were originally intended for mine-laying as well as offence; both the mine and torpedo compartments could be adapted for cargo spaces. It will be seen that the entire removal of the torpedo-tubes and the mine-laying gear only provides two small compartments for cargo.

ATTACKING ITALY'S VULNERABLE RAIL COMMUNICATIONS. Salerno, south of Naples, standing on a beautiful, curving bay at the foot of the Apennines, is a vital rail junction and a key-point of Italian communications. It has been heavily attacked from the air during recent days—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Salerno is one of the beauty spots of the Italian coast: it lies some 30 miles to the south-east of Naples on a beautiful, curving bay overlooked by mountain scenery of considerable grandeur. But it is also a point where the railways from the south converge before going on to Naples and the industrial north—it is, in fact, a road and rail bottleneck. Consequently, its harbour and its rail connections have engaged the attention of the Allied air forces, which have rained down bombs of all descriptions, including 4,000-lb. "block busters." As at other points along Italy's long and vulnerable coastline, road and railway actually come close down to the sea at Salerno, and thus make good targets: by cutting the rail at such a point, supplies and troops for Sicily and the south of Italy generally are stopped. As will be seen from the above drawing, the old town at Salerno rises on the slopes of a spur of the Apennines

1. IN THE STRAITS OF MESSINA—THE ROAD HOME FOR THE GERMANS IN SICILY. British motor torpedo-boats attack an Italian 8,000-ton cruiser: a tense moment as the moon appears through a gap in the clouds and discloses the waiting M.T.B.s to the gunners on the cruiser

THE BRITISH M.T.B.s

Which have been Operating in the Straits of Messina and which Recently Tackled a Big Italian Cruiser

—Two Special Drawings by Wm. McDowell

Soon after the invasion of Sicily, it was made known that our M.T.B.s were operating in the Messina Strait. The stirring incident depicted in the two drawings on this page occurred in brilliant moonlight: British M.T.B.s were patrolling in the four-mile-wide strait when they encountered an 8,000-ton Italian cruiser. She was doing about 35 knots and travelling south—probably making for the naval base at Taranto. She was without destroyer escort, and the M.T.B.s closed in to 400 yards and loosed a "tin fish" at her. "She was certainly hit," said one of the British flotilla's officers. "The cruiser fired all she had. Our captain caught a 20-mm. shell in the left leg as we approached, but he stood on his right leg to direct the torpedo aim!" Other actions from the same theatre of war have also been reported during the past few weeks, which all go to show that the situation is completely dominated by the Royal Navy.

2. THE BRITISH FLOTILLA OF DEADLY MOSQUITO CRAFT HAVE LAIN IN WAIT UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE LAND, and one of the M.T.B.s has scored an effective torpedo hit. A single small shell from the cruiser would be enough to destroy such small craft completely: the torpedoes must, therefore, be fired without delay, and the M.T.B. must then make the most of her speed to evade the cruiser's gunfire

A CLOSE-UP VIEW (THE FIRST TO BE RELEASED) OF THE NEW MITCHELL DAY BOMBER (THE B-25), NOW BEING OPERATED BY THE R.A.F. These aircraft have been in action with great success in most of the recent big daylight raids over enemy territory in Europe. They are of the same type as the aeroplanes which took part in the bombing of Tokyo in April 1942

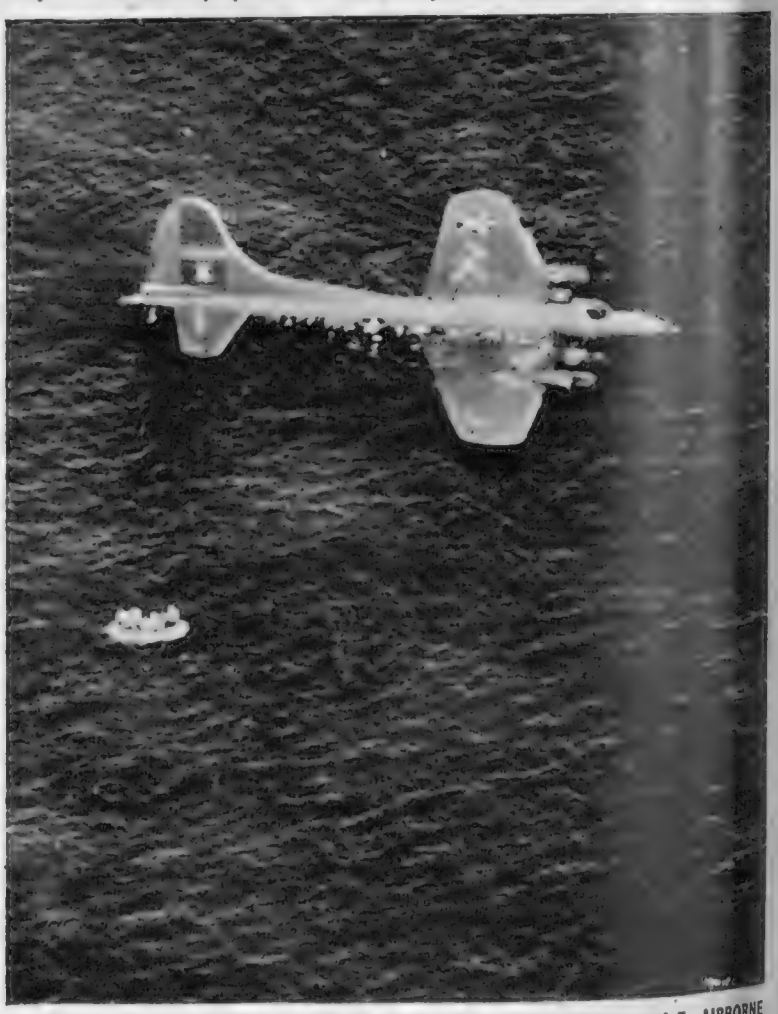
THE NOSE OF THE MITCHELL, showing the navigator-bomb-aimer at the bomb sight. Provision has been made in the aircraft for a total crew of five

THE AXIS EXPERIMENT WITH A NEW FORM OF AERIAL ATTACK. American Army airmen have recently reported that the Axis is now experimenting with a new type of attack, by dropping fragmentation bombs to which a time fuse is attached. As this U.S. bomber winged its way over Timor, in the South-West Pacific, a Jap plane tried the new angle, dropping from above an aerial bomb which was supposed to blast the bomber out of the sky. But the enemy pilot, "cut his fuse too short," and the bomb exploded harmlessly above the plane

DEVELOPMENTS in the WAR by AIR

The New Mitchell Day Bomber; the Production of the Lightning Fighter in California; and other News Pictures

During recent raids in daylight over Germany and the occupied territories, Mitchell bombers have been participating with marked success. The two pictures reproduced here are the first detailed studies of this aircraft to be released by the Air Ministry. As the B-25, it first came into prominence for its share in the raid on Tokyo in April 1942: ten of them took off from a carrier, flew across Japan, and ultimately landed in China. In the R.A.F. the B-25 is known as the Mitchell. It is a twin-engined aeroplane, which can carry a crew of five on operational duty: for defensive purposes there is a machine-gun in the nose, and two guns in each of two electrically-operated turrets—one above and one below the fuselage amidships. (The lower turret is retractable.) The bomb-bay, in which the bombs are stowed internally, is beneath the centre section of the aircraft. The navigator-bomb-aimer is seated in the nose; but in the extreme tail there is also a prone observer's position. Photographic equipment is carried on board; and all the positions occupied by the crew are armoured. No details of the Mitchell's actual performance or bomb load have yet been released.



THE CREW OF AN AMERICAN FLYING FORTRESS RESCUED BY AN R.A.F. AIRBORNE LIFEBOAT. The airmen have clambered aboard their dinghy alongside the "ditched" aircraft and are waiting to transfer to the lifeboat. During the greatest air-sea rescue operations of the war (when 101 British and American airmen, who had participated in the intensive day and night attacks on Germany, were saved from the North Sea within a period of fifty hours), one of the new airborne lifeboats was dropped to the crew of a Flying Fortress which had just been "ditched." The crew had taken to sea in their own dinghies: after the lifeboat had been successfully dropped, they transferred to the bigger craft, and then towed their rubber dinghies behind them back to Britain

HOW AIRCRAFT ARE BEING PRODUCED BY THE HUNDRED IN AMERICAN FACTORIES. Long lines of Lockheed Lightning fighter planes being assembled in the open air while engineers were preparing a mechanised assembly line within the great Burbank Factory in California

Only the equable, sunny climate of California could render such a scene possible! In order to increase production even further, engineers were preparing a mechanised assembly line in the great Californian works of the Lockheed Company: meanwhile the task of final assembly on almost-completed P-38 (or Lightning) aircraft went on in the open air. It took just eight days for the engineers to do the job of conversion to mechanised assembly, although many leading aviation experts said that it couldn't be done at all! The Lightning made its first real appearance in North Africa: it is a single-seat fighter notable for its twin engines and twin fuselages. It is armed with one cannon and four machine-guns, and has a very considerable speed. As stated below, the Lightning has been dived at a speed greater than that of sound!

THE AMERICAN AIRMAN WHO HAS DIVED A LIGHTNING FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF SOUND. Lieut.-Colonel Cass S. Hough in his cockpit during one of his record flights

For making what is believed to be the longest vertical dive in aviation history and attaining a speed of more than 780 m.p.h.—faster than sound!—Lieut.-Colonel Hough has been awarded the American D.F.C. He is now serving as Technical Director of the U.S. Eighth Fighter Command in England. In September 1942 he took a Lightning up to 43,000 ft. and launched it into a power dive for nearly five miles. In February 1943 he took a Thunderbolt up to 39,000 ft; and dived down to 18,000 ft. The exact speeds he attained are still secret. Colonel Hough is thirty-six years of age and married

JEEPS ARE NOW CARRIED IN AMERICAN GLIDERS. These aircraft are now being built in large numbers for the U.S. Army. They cost less to build and are easier to maintain than the cheapest power plane: because they can land practically anywhere, they can be used to transport men and material to otherwise inaccessible areas. The gliders can carry a jeep, field artillery, or a complement of fifteen specially trained shock troops. In combat, they would be protected by an "umbrella" of fighter aircraft

CHRONICLING the HISTORY of the WAR

The Role of the Imperial War Museum in Collecting Weapons and Souvenirs for Preservation for Posterity. Described by CHARLES GRAVES

WHAT, I wonder, are the historic weapons and souvenirs of this war now being earmarked for the Imperial War Museum? After the last war, many historic guns were preserved, such as the 4-in. gun from H.M.S. *Lance*, the destroyer that fired the first shot of the war; the 5·5-in. gun served by Boy Cornwell, V.C., at the Battle of Jutland; the howitzer mounted on H.M.S. *Vindictive* when two of its gun crews were wiped out at the attack on Zeebrugge; guns from L. and E. Batteries; the cupboard in which a British soldier was hidden for nearly four years by two French women; the Verdun trench signboard, "*On ne passe pas*"; the Sopwith Camel flown by Lieutenant Culley when he shot down Zeppelin L.53 into the North Sea; personal relics of Ball, McCudden and other famous pilots; the engine of Richthofen's aircraft; various aerial bombs, the outstanding example of which being a huge specimen cryptically marked "S.N." (Essen), and weighing 3,300 lb., which was devised but never used.

It would be interesting to know what readers of THE SPHERE, whether in the Services or not, consider to be the outstanding objects of interest in this war. One must be careful to differentiate, of course, between the Imperial War Museum and Madame Tussaud's.

Actually, the Imperial War Museum did a very useful service during the Dunkirk period. Both the War Office and the Admiralty raided it for weapons, which were put to practical use against the enemy. Several Ack-ack guns were put on a cruiser, which was later sunk. Let us hope that none of the exhibits which will ultimately become national property will ever have to be used in anger again. Most people have memories of the Imperial War Museum in its original home at the Crystal Palace. It was founded by the War Cabinet of 1917, established by Act of Parliament in 1920, and moved to South Kensington, from where it was transferred once again to its present home in Southwark, the present building being the original Bethlem Royal Hospital, *alias* Bedlam, once the biggest lunatic asylum in the world.

To-day, it is more a mausoleum than a museum. The vast majority of its exhibits have been moved to safe hide-outs in the West of England. Unfortunately, the collection of ship models was badly damaged during the blitz. Otherwise its treasures have survived *in toto*. The Museum possesses 5,000 works of art

The works of artists employed in this war by the Air Ministry and the other Services in this country will no doubt be lodged finally at the Imperial War Museum, as also will the most interesting of the photographs taken in this war. The photographs of 1914-18 are so complete that I am assured by the Librarian, Mr. Harry Foster, that there is not a single soldier who served in the last war in France who could not find a photograph of any yard of trench he knew in France carefully tabulated at the Museum.

What Mr. Foster would particularly like at the moment is copies of every Overseas Army publication now being produced. The Eighth Army alone is reported to have at least forty of these publications. The War Museum possesses copies of only eight of them, including the *Tripoli Times* and the Army journal published in Tobruk during the siege. Collections of Home Guard publications are also being made.

To-day the Museum is not officially open to the public. This is a pity, because it is the only one specifically devoted to war records which should be available to civilians, the War Office library being only open to serving officers. I understand, however, that newspapermen, lecturers broadcasters and others can write privately to the Museum, and in special circumstances can have access to the reference library. This contained over 60,000 books in 1939, and was being increased by 500 volumes about the last war every year. Apart from books, it contains complete files of wartime newspapers, and thousands of pamphlets, trench journals, ship magazines and other periodicals and documents which help to throw light on all aspects of the war.

Closely related to the library material are the extensive collections of maps, wartime posters, proclamations, paper money, stamps and medals. Among the other records are 700 official films of an approximate length of 450,000 ft., taken during the war and showing the three armed Services on the various fronts. No doubt similar arrangements are being made during this war.

It will not, however, be for at least a year after the Armistice that the public will be able to visit the Museum, which it is hoped will be enlarged very considerably. At the moment the Library staff consists of three persons only. Records of this war are stored in special strong-rooms (the Museum is in the Elephant and Castle area), with an overflow into the basement. It must be recorded that it was the late Lord Rothermere who gave the site to the nation as an open space in 1930. The original idea was to pull the building down, but the Office of Works decided that it would be a good plan to transfer the Imperial War Museum from Kensington, knocking down two wings and converting the remainder to its present purpose.

I gather that, apart from housing historic weapons of this war, the Imperial War Museum will become the home of every type of Service weapon, both British and enemy. After the last war, a collection was made of trench mortars, *Minenwerfer*, range-finders and periscopes, sound-ranging apparatus, anti-gas masks and various types of machine-guns. After this war, the complexity of modern battle is bound to extend this range enormously. No doubt there will be a complete sequence of radiolocation equipment from the primitive Mark I type up to the latest. There will be dozens of different types of grenade and "Dirty Fighters"; there will be aerial photographs of blitzed Cologne, Hamburg and other German cities; tommy-guns, No. 19 wireless sets, every type of land mine, mine-detectors, camouflage, model tanks, stirrup-pumps and doubtless General Montgomery's black beret—or is that too much like Madame Tussaud's?

In Cairo a large amount of captured war material is ultimately destined for the Imperial War Museum. But at the moment it is being used for training purposes by the Army. The Admiralty is too busy winning the war to earmark anything. As for the R.A.F., Mr. Nerney, the Air Ministry Librarian, is supervising the collection of war relics which will ultimately be allocated through the Standing Commission of Museums and Galleries, and consist of enemy aircraft, historic documents, films and B.B.C. discs, together with the works of the two Staff artists, Charles Cundall, A.R.A., and A. R. Thomson, A.R.A.

A HUGE MOBILE GUN ABANDONED BY THE ENEMY ON A SICILIAN ROAD. Enemy vehicles and guns are to be seen at short intervals all along the Sicilian roads. Roughly half of them have suffered at the hands of Allied bombers and fighters; the rest were destroyed when the enemy found that their vehicles could not keep up with the pace of their retreating comrades. This is an Italian mobile gun: it is an Ansaldo 90/55, Model 41. Built in 1942, it was mounted on a Breda chassis. It was captured near S. Michele, ten miles to the north-west of Caltagirone

Personally, I would suggest a gun from the 155th Battery, which fought so gallantly in Tunisia; "Sailor" Malan's Hurricane which he flew in the Battle of Britain; "Cobber" Kain's ditto which he flew in the Battle of France (if they still exist); General Alexander's telegram to the Prime Minister announcing that the forces under his command were now masters of the North African shores; a gun from H.M.S. *Ajax* which helped to sink *Graf Spee*; one of the naval guns which helped to sink *Bismarck*; the cap badge of Guardsman Nicholson, who secured one of the best D.C.M.s of the war quite recently when serving with the Irish Guards at Point 212 in Tunisia; a couple of Wing Commander Bader's artificial legs; some souvenir of Brigadier Wingate's astonishing expedition in Burma; several of the more cock-eyed weapons improvised by the Local Defence Volunteers in June 1940; part of Hess's aeroplane; the manuscript of Winston Churchill's famous speech about "Never was so much owed by so many to so few"; photographs of London burning during the blitz.

A GERMAN 2·8 ANTI-TANK GUN CAPTURED NEAR CATANIA. It is mounted on rubber tyres and can be swivelled in any direction

After the "PRIEST" Comes the "BISHOP"

The New Combination of Gun and Tank as Used during the Sicilian Campaign

During the Libyan and Tunisian campaigns, we learned of the "Priest" self-propelling gun—a piece of ordnance of 105 mm. mounted on a General Grant chassis for greater mobility and speed. Now it has been announced that in Sicily our gunners have been making use of "Bishops": the pictures of this newest weapon reproduced here are the first to be released by the War Office. The "Bishop" consists of the famous 25-pounder gun mounted on a Valentine tank chassis: it makes a deadly gun-tank combination and has already done good work in the mountainous country of Sicily. The Valentine tank is a 16-ton vehicle which has a speed of 15 miles an hour: the 25-pounder, one of the best all-purpose guns ever produced by Britain, has a range of 13,000 yards. When fitted to the tank chassis, the gun is placed in an armoured turret. The "Bishop" thus provides a mobile gun which can be taken over almost any type of country: it is a step nearer to the perfect transport of heavy guns in the quickest possible manner

THE NE "BISHOP" IN SICILY — A COMBINATION OF 25-POUNDER MOUNTED IN AN ARMOURED TURRET ON A VALENTINE CHASSIS. This particular specimen was actually the first self-propelled gun to be landed on the island

A ROYAL ARTILLERY BATTERY SITE AMONGST THE SICILIAN HILLS: The guns are the new tank-mounted "Bishops," which were taken up to the position under their own power. The gun-tank combination proved most effective amongst the broken, rocky country of Central Sicily

THE FORMIDABLE "PRIEST" WAS ALSO PRESENT. This big tank-mounted gun throws a 42-lb. armour-piercing shell from its 105-mm. weapon

ANOTHER TANK-MOUNTED GUN IN SICILY. A Sherman tank's 75-mm. gun at Catania being cleaned after having been in action with the Eighth Army

THE MODERN POWDER-MONKEY: A Gunner passing ammunition from the trailer to the turret of a "Bishop"

AWAY FROM THESE WARS . . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie **By J. G.**

ENGLISH Novelists and Contemporary Reputation.—I have been reading some of the novels of Hugh Walpole, and my reading set on foot a train of thought. One conclusion (and it is perhaps a commonplace and a truism) emerged: There is no judge but posterity of the merits of a novelist. Sir Hugh Walpole was one of those novelists "whom the King delighted to honour." I presume he was chosen out among his contemporaries as a man worthy to be distinguished with the periodically bestowed award for literary merit, and I have sometimes wondered whether those who advise the Sovereign on these ticklish matters, when they concern actors or authors, have not been at pains to reward domestic respectability as much as artistic merit. It is difficult to resist the opinion that Walpole had a number of contemporaries writing novels, when he was writing, who had a far stronger claim to distinction of that kind on their literary merits. (And of that number I can think only of Galsworthy as a writer singled out for solid distinction. There may, of course, have been one or two more.) The puzzle set me is this: Who in the world could have thought of Walpole as a fit recipient of the token recognition of contemporary novel writing? There are all kinds of taste. No critic dare assert that this form or that plot will appeal to the contemporary public. The whole history of the "best seller" underlines that truth. The contemporary taste of novel-readers is imponderable, and some chance reaction or fortuitous attraction, potent for a day, will set a crown instead of a fool's-cap on the sorriest piece of nonsense. Time must elapse before a right judgment can be formed; the structure can be seen only when the gimcrack ornaments have withered; posterity is the judge.

I have no great opinion of literary criticism in our day. I find it tinged with commercialism and less a leader than an ape of public taste. Yet I cannot conceive that the least responsible reviewer of novels can set up his office without stocking certain vital tools of his trade. One such must be a yard-stick of bare literary competence.

"Sloppy Writing."—Style is not everything, and a perfect mastery of words is not essential to, or attainable by, every novelist worthy of consideration. Galsworthy wrote fine prose. George Moore was a master of style, sometimes to the point of attrition of inspiration. But Wells and Bennett, in their different, vigorous manners, paid much less attention to these matters with no loss of interest to their readers. Walpole's English, for much of his literary career, never rose above the sloppy and the amateur. He was slow to master the simplest rules of decent prose writing. His books are sown with tares of prose, and even howlers; so that a reader or a critic, even if prepared to swallow his matter, should have revolted from his manner. How in the world did he achieve that degree of recognition in his day which brought him, even with collateral good fortune, into consideration as a leading novelist of his day? I have not read all his novels. He achieved early in his career something of a *tour de force* in the macabre (on the lines of *Jekyll and Hyde*) with his *Perrin and Traill*. The sloppiness of the writing is a thing to marvel at. Here are two haphazard examples from page 31:

"The house was beautiful both in its position and in the spirit of its owner, and Traill snatched what moments he could to visit it and to snatch a respite there. . . . Had he realised how soon its dignity and peace stood to him for an escape, he would have realised also his growing protest against his voluntary imprisonment."

The third form at "Moffatt's" could have done better than that. No doubt his success with *Perrin* whetted his appetite for the macabre, and for the mysteries of Cornwall. He indulged them in *The Cathedral*, *The Portrait of a Man with Red Hair*, and some others.

The Cathedral (clearly an effort to out-Trollope Trollope in his own kingdom) began well and tails off. The *Man with Red Hair* is a childish absurdity of the feuilleton type whose publication and serious acceptance by Walpole and his critics condemn the authority alike of author and contemporary critics.

The Uses of Advertisement.—His *Man with Red Hair* seems to afford one clue to the mystery of his contemporary reputation. It is clear that his power to take himself seriously was mesmeric. It bamboozled his critics and his readers. He dared to offer his "red-haired man" as a serious contribution to literature, both to his dedicatees and to the public.

Armed with this belief in his own powers and mission, he threw a leg in the world of the novel, sponsored book societies, lectured and wrote about the novelist's art, and being himself a good, kind-hearted, generous man and friend, genuinely a lover of good literature and an appreciator of the rare and the beautiful, he kept his name before the public, made many friends and achieved a fame among his contemporaries which neither his manner nor his matter, his art nor his natural genius, could possibly justify or perpetuate.

For the rest, he was the son of a bishop (most respectable), and led a blameless life. Those virtues would have been enough for Queen Victoria; and Tupperism died slow. There were better actors contemporary with Sir Gerald du Maurier, and assuredly better novelists contemporary with Sir Hugh Walpole, whose shoulders never felt the touch of the accolade and whose chests were adorned with no ribbons.

It is depressing to realise that the man who wrote and offered to the public the *Man with Red Hair* as a serious contribution to light literature should have played so big a part in directing the public taste of readers of his day. It is permissible to assume that literary merit and quack medicines depend for their establishment on the same aids—constant, shrewd publicity. When the publicity ceases, the literary reputation or the liver pills fall from favour and cease to be a "household word."

The "Herries" Saga.—But Walpole, you may justly say, must be judged on his maturest work, not on isolated publications of his early or middle period. No doubt, his *Herries* saga (*Rogue Herries*, *Judith Paris*, *The Fortress*) is his *magnum opus* on which he should fairly be judged and placed. How does cool-headed posterity already view this saga? It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that it is a padded and makeshift saga. It smells of midnight oil—the local colour of the streets of London in Regency times is transferred direct from the guide-books of old Timbs and his kind—the incidents in the careers of Judith and the rest of the Herries protagonists seem constantly to be dragged in and padded out rather to achieve length than purpose, destiny and a planned inevitability of Fate. I confess to a distaste for the Herries family, but the test of all fiction, first and last, is a simple one: Could you read the chosen novel twice?

There is no doubt at all that *The Old Wives' Tale* passes the test, almost as safely as *Pride and Prejudice*, *Mansfield Park*, *Jane Eyre*. *The Forsyte Saga* passes the test. The *Herries* Saga, in my submission, fails in this vital test of merit. Indeed, it is sago, not saga. It is very moderate stuff, and if it goes down, all Walpole goes with it. Sir Hugh is not very high up in the second grade of novelists, and was therefore not well equipped to be a guide to the reading public.

THE UNIQUE COTTAGES OF BLAISE HAMLET, NEAR BRISTOL, purchased by an artist for possible preservation. Mr. Donald Hughes, Chairman of the Clifton Arts Club, has just purchased the hamlet for £2,325, in the hope that it will be taken over by the City of Bristol for future preservation. This little hamlet, close to Henbury Village, is one of the most picturesque spots, but it is still practically unknown to Bristolians. Once it was miles from the busy town, but Bristol has grown so fast in the past fifty years that there is a danger of it becoming spoiled. Each cottage in Blaise Hamlet is different: they are set in an oval round a sundial-vane-pump. They were erected in 1811 by John Harford, who commissioned John Nash, planner of Regent Street, to design a group of cottages for his workmen. Ten in number, the doors of each face in different directions, to prevent gossiping by the cottagers! There is nothing quite like Blaise Hamlet anywhere else in England

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

An ex-Fordham House Tailor boy, writing from the Middle East, says how the instruction he received has enabled him to obtain a very good position in the trade and tenders his real thanks. Please send a gift and help more boys to learn this valuable trade. Address: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

MR. BOLFRY.—It is a relief, as well as something of a novelty, to be able to praise a new play unreservedly. *Tobias and the Angel* proved Mr. James Bridie to be a dramatist of exceptional gifts. He followed it up with one or two efforts which, coming from such a writer, were rather disappointing. But with *Mr. Bolfry*, at the Westminster, he is back at the *Tobias* level and in many ways even above it. This play has almost everything—wit, profundity, an eerie touch, wizardliness which is never mere whimsicality, and a fine sense of the theatre. So far as its plot is concerned it might be called *Mr. Alastair Sim and the Devil*; for Mr. Sim plays the part of a Scottish parson in whose manse his niece and a couple of billeted soldiers read an old book on witchcraft, and, finding plenty of time on their hands, organise a *seance*, and actually succeed in calling up the Devil himself, in the guise of another parson. Mr. Sim has a long theological argument with him, and finally sticks a knife into him. Does he kill him? Can one kill the Devil? I wouldn't know. But I do know that this is a play of originality and rare quality. And it is well acted by Mr. Sim, by Mr. Raymond Lovell (the Devil), by Miss Sheila Brownrigg (a first-rate young actress and devilishly pretty)—in fact, by everyone concerned.

It's Time to Dance.—Why so justifiably popular a favourite as Mr. Jack Buchanan should have been absent from the West-End for over six years is, of course, his own affair. But it is also the public's loss. Anyway, *It's Time to Dance*, at the Winter Garden, should keep him on the spot for many months, and possibly for a year or two. His reception was rapturous and he is as slim and lissom and charming as ever—an ideal musical-comedy light comedian. As a play this is not out of the ordinary, but 'twill serve—particularly as a vehicle for Mr. Buchanan, which is the main thing. Mr. Fred Emney as a plump policeman, with his organ as usual, is tremendously funny, and Mr. Charles Minor, in the comparatively small role of a guitar-playing gangster, is a comedian of whom, I fancy, we shall hear much more. Miss Marjorie Brooks, as a French gold-digger, made an outstanding hit. There was some ballet-dancing, which I liked, and still more tap-dancing, which bored me intensely.

English Comedy Festival.—To hold a festival of English comedy was a wise move on the part of the Arts Theatre, and the old plays are both well acted and well dressed. Specially good have been the performances of Mr. Alec. Clunes in Farquhar's *The Constant Couple*, and of Miss Avice Landone in Sheridan's *The Rivals*. But it was Pinero's old farce *The Magistrate*, produced in 1880, which raised the loudest laughs. For most of these Mr. Denys Blakelock, as Mr. Posket, was responsible. With his bent back and white side-whiskers he looked a senile dodderer of at least ninety, although his age is mentioned in the play as being fifty.

SAVE ALL YOUR WASTE PAPER FOR SALVAGE

NEW ROADS MADE IN A DAY

And Other Pictures of Wartime Activities in Britain

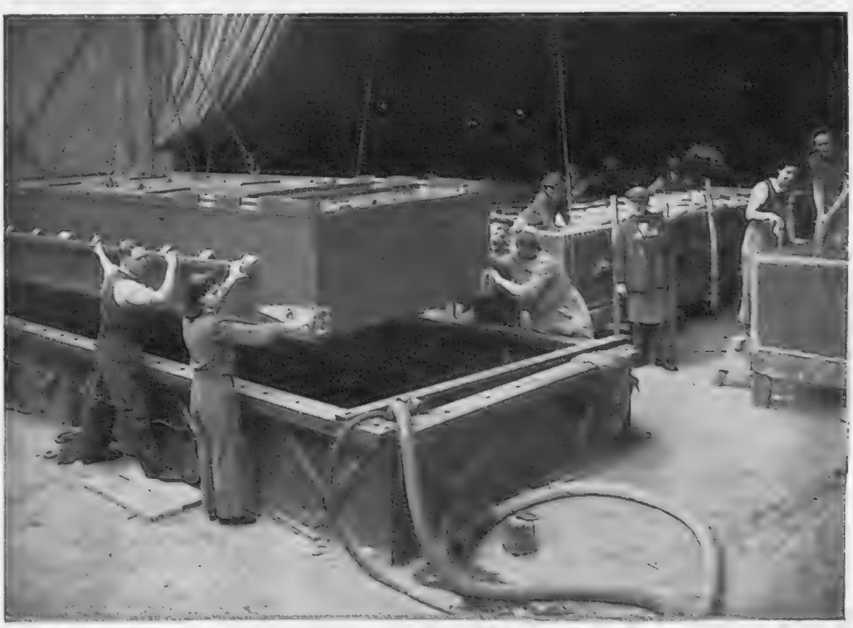
SPEEDY ROADMAKING BY U.S. ARMY ENGINEERS IN ENGLAND: The road goes straight through the fields. After the addition of water, these "sheepsfoot" rollers are brought into use, to compact the mixture. When the surface has been compressed thoroughly the "sheepsfoot" rollers will no longer sink into the road as they are pulled along by the tractor

HOW THE WATER IS SPRAYED on to the soil and cement road surface. Frequent moisture tests are made during this stage of the operations to obtain the optimum moisture content of 21 per cent.

GREEK SAILING SHIPS AS MINESWEEPERS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: The Greek Navy has already played an important part in this war; but the lesser ships in its service tend to be overlooked. They have a number of sailing-ship minesweepers, for instance, operating in the Mediterranean. These have all the line and beauty of the old sailing vessels, but they have now been adapted to carry out the job of minesweeping very efficiently. One of them is seen here carrying out a sweep with all sails set

THE ROAD IS FINISHED, on the edge of a cornfield. This stretch of hard-surfaced roadway will stand the heaviest traffic in all weathers without appreciable damage. A new method of road-making has been adopted by U.S. Army Engineers in this country resulting in great economy of time, labour and materials. Known as the "Soil Stabilisation" method, the process is unique, the soil on any selected site being mixed with cement by machinery. Half a mile of 20-foot roadway can be constructed in one day by 50 men using the various types of graders, ploughs, mixers, sprayers and rollers. While the soil-stabilised highway, or runway, is not as durable as a concrete road, the speed and economy of its construction make it a valuable wartime expedient

ENGLAND'S FUTURE CITIZENS LEARN THEIR JOBS IN CAMP: A remarkable feature of wartime life in Great Britain has been the development of Youth Camps, largely as the result of the National Association of Boys' Clubs. This picture was taken at a N.A.B.C. Camp in North Wales, to which boys go from all parts of the country during the summer holiday period: they include Army Cadets, N.F.S. messengers, and members of Boys' and Youths' Clubs. In addition to carrying on with their normal training, they have discussion groups, an art school and drama group, and make their contribution to the war effort by assisting local farmers and foresters



WOMEN WORKERS MAKE THE PONTOONS FOR THE ARMY: A finished pontoon being lowered into the tank for an hour's submersion test. Pontoons in their thousands will, in due course, go out to the Army and play their part in the freeing of Europe from the Nazi yoke. Their construction is most suitable work for women, who comprise the larger proportion of the staff of a Ministry of Supply factory in London, where this picture was taken. The women come from all walks of life, and include girls straight from school as well as mothers of large families

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A STORY of the SEAMEN of BRITAIN

And other Books of the Week—in Fiction and "Thrillers"

IT is surprising that so comparatively few naval historians have concerned themselves about the British seaman. Of the Navy and its battles there have been books without end; but of the men who sailed its ships, and fought them, there have been few outside the realms of (usually bad) fiction or (even worse) autobiography. Hence the great value of BRITISH SEAMEN, by David Mathew, just published by Collins in their altogether admirable "Britain in Pictures" series (4s. 6d. net). In compact and lucid form this book passes in review some of the great figures in British naval history since the emergence of the Royal Navy as a world force in the year 1588, when—as in 1940—England was facing an imminent threat of invasion.

A FAMOUS WOMAN NOVELIST VISITS POLISH SOLDIERS IN RUSSIA. Madame Wanda Wassilewska is the Chairman of the Union of Polish Patriots in Moscow: she is also the author of *Rainbow*, the novel which has just been published here after being awarded the Stalin Prize for 1943. Recently she visited the camp of the Polish Jadnish Kostinshko's Division in the U.S.S.R., which is composed entirely of Free Poles fighting alongside the Soviet forces. In this picture, Mme. Wassilewska is seen with Colonel Zigmund Berliny, Commander of the Division

An Author's Note states that "this is a study of the naval tradition. It is centred on the sea service in time of war, on the naval commanders and their ships and on the men who fought them. . . . It is a brief, swift, survey of a vast subject." But, with all its brevity and swiftness, there is material here for at least three full-size volumes, so tight packed is it with the fruits of well-directed research. Bishop Mathew (descendant of a famous Admiral and himself a midshipman in the battle-cruiser *Tiger* in the last war) has put a wealth of vivid detail into this monograph. As well as seamen, his book also describes, inevitably, the development of our fighting ships since the Armada down to modern times.

The whole work contains an aptness of phrase, a pungency of wit, an allusiveness of expression, which illumine the solidness of fact. As for instance, when describing the great wooden ships of the immediate pre-Nelson period, and their Commanders, Bishop Mathew tells how "The great Navy was at its height—oaken and pickled"; in another place he refers to Rooke as holding "that Portsmouth seat which so seldom assisted the careers of English Admirals."

The personalities of the men who built the British Navy are revealed in swift, sure strokes: their strategy and tactics are summarised with decision—and precision. For all its briefness this is a fascinating, lively and provocative essay which should lead many to a deeper reading of the subject.

The two volumes which accompany Bishop Mathew's book are *Polar Explorers*, by Admiral Sir Edward Evans, and *The Story of Wales*, by Rhys Davies

Two really good thrillers have come my way this week; the first, a successful experiment in the macabre with New Zealand as a setting, and the second, a story of international spies and sabotage taking place in the United States, Canada, Portugal, Eire and London.

COLOUR SCHEME (Crime Club. 8s. 6d.) is one of Miss Ngaio Marsh's Roderick Alleyn stories, with the distinction that Chief Inspector Alleyn makes his first official appearance only in the last paragraph, although he is lurking about in his usual efficient way throughout two-thirds of the plot's development. Although this is, as was to be expected, a well-constructed story and not without thrills, its chief merit lies in the fact that the author has chosen her own country, the beautiful North Island of New Zealand, for the venue.

She describes its strange contours and violent colours from close experience, and writes of the Maori people with insight and affection. Murders can happen anywhere, if one is to judge by police reports, so where more dramatically than against the background of volcanic peaks, boiling pools of sulphuric mud and vegetation of almost strident emphasis?

In her story a pleasant but incompetent Anglo-Indian couple run a small sanatorium in a remote mountain settlement, well-provided with all the gaseous amenities and singularly lacking in any other physical comforts, or near-luxuries. Their uneasy existences are complicated by a tough suspected of Fifth-Column activities, a gawky daughter, a choleric brother-in-law, a temperamental actor, and a Maori chieftain whose dignity is sometimes threatened by having seen "something nasty in the woodshed."

There is a particularly revolting murder (connoisseurs will appreciate the finesse of the detail, and a good deal of lively speculation and suspicion. Recommended unreservedly for the knowledgeable in such fiction matters and to the unsqueamish.

IT BEGAN IN NEW YORK (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is equally compelling in its very different way. Mr. Milward Kennedy has humour, observation and a kind of well-mannered approach to brutality that the reader should find very engaging.

His hero, an Englishman in the United States on a war mission for his firm, is a pleasant, calm and unexpectedly resourceful sort of chap, and, since the narration of the adventures is left to him, it has, even in the moments of greatest violence, an under-current of good humour, balance, or, at the most, tolerant grumbling.

Richard Cousens first becomes aware of unsolicited interest in his work at a cheerful cocktail bar, on the polite side of rowdiness, in Manhattan. From that moment things start to move rapidly, and it is only a matter of a day or two before he is sliding down icy roofs in Canada or dodging lethal drinks in Bermuda. Pace is a requisite of the good modern thriller, and pace is a quality that Mr. Kennedy understands. He and his Mr. Cousens move, if not hand-in-hand, at least shoulder to shoulder through some astonishing and just credible hazards to a satisfactory conclusion in London.

The author explains in a foreword which, like most of its kind, makes more impression if it is read at the end, that although he made all the same stages of the journey and at roughly the same period in the war, none of the adventures of the imaginary narrator befell him. "Nor," he adds, "does this purport to be a detective story."

There I would beg to disagree with him. It is a very good detective story.

THE HONEYWOOD FILE (Faber. 7s. 6d.) was first published fourteen years ago, though luckily this fact escaped me until I had read it and thoroughly enjoyed it. I say luckily for I find the fashion in revivals of this kind no more welcome in fiction than it is on the stage. However, it is a delightful book, apparently intended primarily as a textbook for young architects, but perfectly comprehensible to the layman.

Described as "an adventure in building," it comprises the file kept by James Spinlove, architect, of correspondence about the house he builds for Sir Leslie Brash. It presents an intimate picture of the problems and personalities concerned in the building of Honeywood, and is designed to present aspirants to architectural practice with a lively picture of the adventures and pitfalls that await them. The file begins with the first commissioning of the house, the estimates and sketches, and goes through the tenders, their acceptance, the beginning of the work, the owners' various objections and proposals, the architect's clever or obtuse intervention, the attitude of the district surveyor, and so forth and so on.

Throughout, the author comments, textbook fashion, on the letters, offering copious hints and suggestions so that the beginner in business may learn how things should be done. The file concludes with a letter from Sir Leslie Brash congratulating Spinlove on his work, but the most amusing of all the letters in the file is one which the distracted but conscientious architect writes to the prospective occupier:

"DEAR SIR, Thank you for your letter enclosing sketch. I note your wishes, but there are difficulties which will, I fear, prevent my giving effect to them. . . . I am sorry to say that when your plan is drawn out to scale . . . the house will not take the form you indicate, nor, indeed, any practicable form. For example, the front is nearly one-third as long as the back, so that the gun-room, kitchens, etc., would form an inaccessible wing and the passage marked 'private corridor' would be outside the building altogether. . . . Also, I am afraid, it will be impossible to enter the house from the front door, except, of course, by going up the front stairs and down the back, which cannot be your intention. Up the back stairs and down the front is also the only way the servants can get to the door to answer the bell; moreover, the front stairs could be used to reach the bedrooms only by going out by the back door, or by one of the windows, and in at the front door. . . ."

Mr. Eden Phillpotts is a veteran novelist with considerably more fire, more invention, and more quietly caustic humour, than half our promising young fiction writers. His new novel, A MUSEUM PIECE (Hutchinson. 9s. 6d.), has 260-odd closely-printed pages, of which I may say, not with pride but with delight, that I read every word.

The museum piece is well named; a squat, frog-faced Victorian, conceited and self-sufficient to a point that would be ludicrous if it were not faintly forbidding. His career starts as an insurance clerk and ends as self-appointed squire to a collection of unco-operative villagers. During these sixty or seventy years he never has a relationship into which simple affection enters, never forms a disinterested friendship, and financially, never looks back.

He is, in fact, spiritually and physically a toad, and it is to Mr. Phillpotts's eternal credit as a master of his craft that he has been able to make this satirical biography free of monotony or exaggeration beyond the bounds of caricature.

KING PETER WINS HIS FIGHT TO WED. After months of disagreement between the King of Yugoslavia and his Ministers over his wish to marry pretty, twenty-two-year-old Princess Alexandra, niece of King George of the Hellenes, the royal romance has now been officially recognised and formal announcement of the engagement was made a few days ago. This is the first picture in which the King and his fiancée have been photographed together since their return from a visit to the King's mother

Lieut.-Colonel Charles Head has used disarming tactics in his autobiography; first, by choosing to call it NO GREAT SHAKES (Hale. 12s. 6d.), and secondly, by reviewing it himself to save, as he explains, the expense of advertisement.

"This work," he remarks with fine detachment, "cannot be recommended to any intelligent or decent-minded person. . . . His expressed views on important, or at least self-important, sections of his fellow-countrymen can only be described as outrageous."

He is less disarming—as I think the reader will understand—when he gives as his dictum that "As the reviewer's job is to air his own views on matters dealt with in the book under his notice, I will give my opinions on those mentioned." That has never been my understanding of the reviewer's job, though perhaps it would only be confirming his views to start on such a controversial subject.

Lieut.-Colonel Head comes from an Irish family with a distinguished Army record. He served as an officer in England, Ireland, India, and in China during the Boxer rebellion. In 1910 he retired to his Irish estate, only to be recalled at the outbreak of the last war, and to serve both in France and England till, in 1919, he retired again.

It was then that he returned to an Ireland split by the Sinn Fein troubles, as one result of which his own house was burnt down. After this he decided to live in England. As he tells it, and possibly through deliberate reticence, it is not a life of interior incident.

But Lieut.-Colonel Head has a light and entertaining style and his comments on young and old officers, and on the conduct of the last war, are particularly worth reading.

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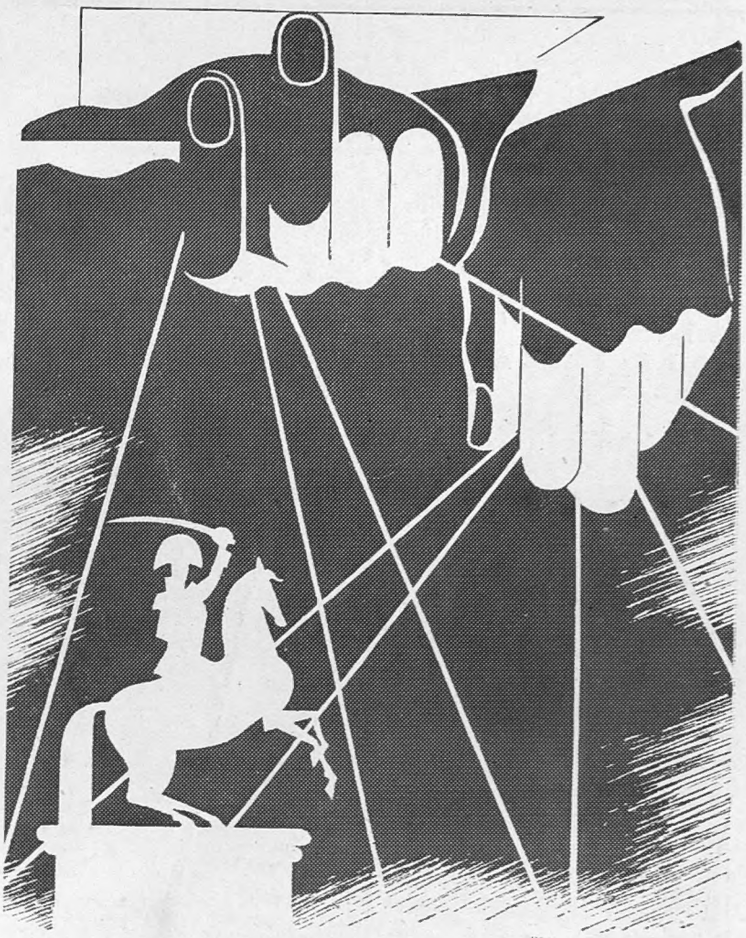

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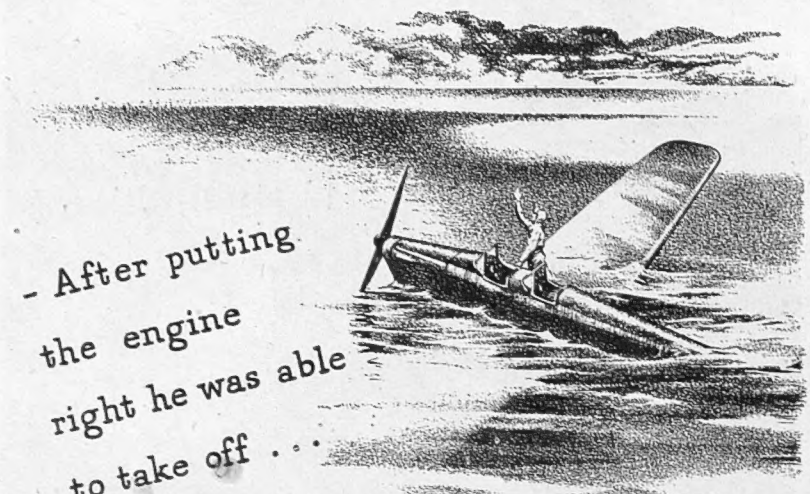

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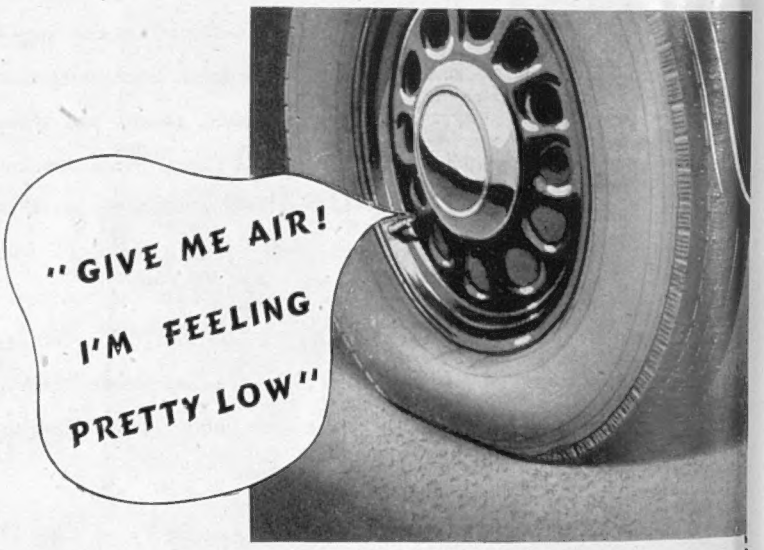

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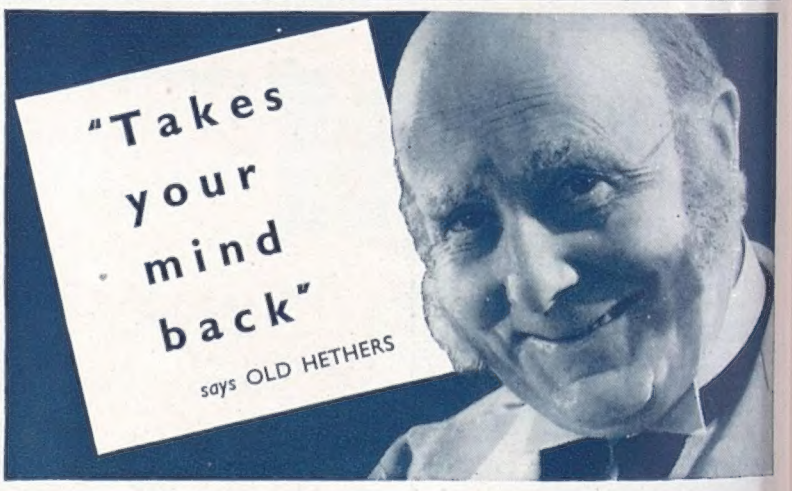

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